

Holy Land

REV. W. B. GODBEY, A. M.



Volume 1
EASTERN MARIANNE COLLEGE

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EVANGELIST W. B. GODBEY, A. M.



EVANGELIST J. F. HUNTON

HOLY LAND.

BY

REV. W. B. GODBEY, A. M.



AUTHOR OF

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Of many of its readers is voiced in the following notices of Vol. I: "Of intense interest."—The Methodist. "Practical, spiritual, interesting and instructive."—Religious Telescope. "A remarkable book, worth much to thoughtful people."—Pastor T. H. B. Anderson. "A graphic and powerful representation of the author's interpretation."—Michigan Christian Advocate. "It is by a vigorous thinker and pungent writer. It is worthy a thoughtful and prayerful perusal."—Guide to Holiness.

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PREFACE.

Permit me to recommend to you the most excellent book of travels on the Holy Land, by Brother B. Carradine, which I have neither the ability to duplicate nor the disposition to supersede. Send to L. L. Pickett, Columbia, S. C., W. A. Dodge, Atlanta, Ga., or M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, O., for a copy of the book.

My present leading is to write a cursory epitome of my travels in England, Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Italy, praying the blessed Holy Spirit to utilize the same for the glory of Him, to investigate Whose foot-prints I travelled twelve thousand miles by sea and thirty-five hundred by land.

DEDICATION.

To my esteemed friend beloved benefactor and dear brother in Christ,

JAMES L. HUNTON, Evangelist,
of Hillsboro, Texas,

By whose beneficent donation of five hundred dollars, I am enabled to make this voyage, this book is respectfully dedicated, invoking the richest blessings of heaven to rest upon him and family in this world and in the world to come.

W. B. GODBEY.

THE HOLY LAND.



GOING TO THE HOLY LAND LIKE GOING TO HEAVEN.

During our glorious Holiness camp-meeting at Waco, Texas, July—August, 1893, while I was conducting a Bible reading, an auditor interjects: "Brother Godbey, why don't you write those Commentaries?" "I am waiting to go to the Holy Land." "Why don't you go?" "I am waiting on the Lord to furnish the money." During the following recess, Brother Hunton said to me: "Brother, the Lord has given me the money to send you to the Holy Land." I praised the Lord for the open door and proceeded to call for volunteers for the Holy Land pilgrimage through Way of Life and the Methodist. Letters pour in from all directions: "Brother Godbey, I will go." We appoint the day to sail. No one is ready. I advertise and make another rally. They all say: "We are going, but not now." I wait eighteen months on company which I much desired, but am finally compelled to go alone. I sailed seven times with seven different nations. First, with the Americans to London. Then with the English to Egypt. Then with the French to Palestine. With the Egyptians back to Egypt. With the Russians from Egypt to Greece. With the Italians from Greece to Italy. Finally, with the Germans to New York.

In all of these embarkations and voyages I was alone. After leaving New York until returned to that port I saw no person whom I had ever seen before. I travelled

alone in all those countries among people of strange language, except the first week in Palestine I was accompanied by two English gentlemen and two English ladies. I thought my Latin and Greek would help me in Italy and Greece, but was mistaken. I was dependant on interpreters and frequently had none. Yet I was not alone. The Form of the Fourth was with me. Whether asleep in the sea, wrapped about with watery winding sheet, or walking the hurricane deck, or standing alone with the Bedouins on the pinnacle of the tallest Egyptian Pyramid, or scrambling through its dark interior, or wandering on the shore of the Dead Sea, or "standing on Jordan's stormy bank," I realized His everlasting arms about me. I became so interested in my travelling Companion that the very feeling of solitude left me and I felt that I had no time for another.

Though I dreaded going alone and did my utmost to get company I soon realized that the Adventurer of Mt. Calvary had availed Himself of my very solitude to reveal the mercy of His providence and the sweetness of His presence as never before.

PASTOR SIMPSON'S WORK, FORTY-FOURTH STREET AND
EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Here I stopped, going and returning, both edified and delighted with the mighty work of God through Brother Simpson and his associate laborers.

Mother Clark, Brother and Sister Hest are the custodians of Berachah Home for invalids, which is remarkable for miracles of healing, both physical and spiritual.

The very atmosphere is electrified with the power of prayer and faith in the Omnipotent Healer. An hour in that house is a benediction to soul and body. Brothers

Funk, Brubacker and others labor in the Missionary Training College, teaching the Lord's anointed ones whom He has called into heathen lands to preach in the vernacular tongue of those heathen nations.

While I was there three young men farewelled for the African Congo and a brother and sister for China. Brother Simpson's work has become a powerful American storm-center along the line of that mighty cyclone, the Holiness movement, which is shaking not only all Christendom, but all heathen lands. The Lord multiply this work a thousandfold.

FAREWELL.

I sailed May 1st on the magnificent steamer New York for London. This noble vessel is five hundred and sixty-five feet long, ninety-two feet wide and fifty-two feet high, and on this voyage carried fifteen hundred passengers and five hundred sailors.

At 11 A. M., bells were rung throughout the ship, warning the vast multitude of visitors to get off as the ship was going to sail.

The scene beggars all description * * * embracing, kissing, handshaking with tears, invocations, and "God bless you and keep you in your voyage." As the ship slowly moves out of the docks hundreds of handkerchiefs wave in the air, with loud shouts "Good bye," "Farewell!" "God bless you!" "Columbia the gem of the ocean, farewell!" "America, the home of my childhood, farewell!" New York, the metropolis of the occident, farewell!" "Holiness people from ocean to ocean, farewell!" "Ten thousand loving friends, farewell!" "Precious wife and sweet children in my dear Kentucky home, farewell!" "God be with you till we meet again."

CROSSING THE OCEAN LIKE ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

Justification is like running on a river with frequent landings, long detentions and sometimes, no more embarkation.

In sanctification the river, disembogues into the boundless and bottomless ocean of perfect love.

"No more waiting
At the station !
Happy in a full salvation,
Eager for my heavenly home."

We sailed out of New York harbor amid innumerable crafts of all sorts and sizes. The air whitened with sails and with the wings of sea-birds. The log-line was out measuring our velocity. At sixty miles a boat waited on us and took the pilot back to New York. He was the last we saw of America. Within three hours after embarkation the last glimpse of the American continent had disappeared and we saw nothing but the boundless ocean, rolling his unfathomless depth around us. At the close of the first day, the log-line was taken up. I asked a sailor, "how will you now measure your velocity?" By the sun, was his answer. We now sailed two-thousand miles mid-ocean without visible phenomena. The sailing lines across the ocean are so far apart that we don't see the ships till they begin to converge to the same port. Five-hundred miles this side of Europe, the sea-gulls and Mother Carey's chickens come to meet us.

The log-line is again put out. Soon ships come in sight, erelong the coast of Ireland. Now South England is in full view.

Soon we anchor at Southampton, England, and disembark amid long and loud shouts, "Welcome home!"

Now how is this like entire Sanctification? When you

sailed out of your river experience with frequent landings, long detentions and in many sad incidents no more embarkations; and disembogued into the bottomless and shoreless ocean of entire sanctification; you are in a glorious sweeping holiness camp-meeting. Under the powerful preaching of Carradine, Morrison, Gassaway, Dodge, Dunlap, Matthews, Leitch, Watson, Knapp, Pickett, Hughes, Keen, Cundiff, Smith, Niles, Royster, Craig and a host of others whose names are in the Book of Life you swept into Beulah land amid tremendous shouts which knocked down the walls of Jericho.

O how swiftly the ten days fly away and you can hardly believe they are even now singing "God be with you till we meet again." The president of the Association pronounced the final benediction and shouts aloud, "to your tents Israel."

You return home all in fire and hasten to tell your pastor what mighty works God hath wrought for your soul expecting him to shout with you. His face elongates while he warns you to beware of fanaticism and advises you to keep your experience to yourself.

He refuses to hear your experience and sings you down. You are the only witness to full salvation, in all the land in which God has called you to dwell. You have now gotten away from all the visible and audible phenomena attending your sanctification. You have reached the mid-ocean experience where you must calculate your latitude and longitude by the Sun of Righteousness. You must now learn the lesson of the Book of Job.

Job was a perfect man, i. e., sanctified before he suffered those terrible afflictions. But in those afflictions righteous self died. In the Book of Job the Christian

learns the divine philosophy of the second death. This is the crucial test of the Sanctified. Those who stumble here will make ship-wreck. Those who survive it will shine as the stars forever and ever. The mid-ocean experience is without phenomena. You must die to your pastor, your church, your creed and to all the opinions of men. You must die to Holiness people and to your experience. You must die to everything but God. If you don't enter into this second death, you will be very likely to loose your experience and in great danger of loosing your soul. This mid-ocean experience is the lone walk with Jesus. But the unutterable sweetness and glory of this walk! You are unconscious that any one is in the way but you and Jesus. Hence, you can never be a critic and you are proof against all criticism. Your song rings out: "I would rather be the least of them who are the Lord's alone, than wear a royal diadem and sit upon a throne."

Brother Godbey, you spoke of the phenomena coming back at the end of your trans-Atlantic voyage. That seems disharmonious. Should not the lone walk with Jesus continue to the end? Remember, when you go to heaven you are to have another experience which is phenomenal like sanctification and regeneration, i. e., glorification.

Sanctification gives you Christian perfection which saves you from sin.

Glorification gives you angelic perfection which saves you from all your infirmities. When our Saviour was interviewed in reference to the woman who had survived her seventh husband, whose wife she should be in the resurrection, he responded: in heaven they will all be as the angels of God in the resurrection. The Greek

is *angeloi*, *i. e.*, like the angels, equal to the angels, revealing the fact, that glorification confers angelic perfection. This is beautifully described by the Apostle Paul in the 5th chapter of the second Corinthians. Some of these days as we enjoy the lone walk with Jesus, we will see disembodied loved ones gathering about us accompanied by ministering angels, this mortal tenement having been evacuated before we are aware. These angels and redeemed spirits will become our escort to the land of the Blessed.

THE OCEAN SYMBOLIC OF THE ALMIGHTY.

When Wilbur Fisk was preaching in St. Paul's Church, London, his eye lit on the superscription in the rear of the orchestra, "Christopher Wren, architect, of this city and church, lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but the public. Reader, would you see his monument, look around." That wonderful edifice, in magnitude only inferior to St. Peter's at Rome, while it contains a multitude of magnificent statues, it has none to its chief architect. The edifice itself is his monument. Infidels, who assume the antagonism of science and the Bible, are to be pitied for their ignorance. Science is the exegesis of God's works, which are always in perfect harmony with His Word. Hence, science and the Bible have the same divine authorship and are bound to harmonize throughout. It is only science "falsely so-called" which antagonizes the Bible. While all the works of God in this world and all other worlds proclaim His majesty and glory, I believe the ocean as a symbol of the Almighty climaxes all. His fathomless depths, illimitable latitudes, longitudes and altitudes; his thundering waves lashing the rock-bound shores, his mighty billows

climbing the skies and rolling above the clouds, his indescribable beauty on a calm summer day and his unutterable grandeur and sublimity swept by storm and plowed by tempest proclaim the majesty and glory of the Almighty.

OUR SHIP A MINATURE WORLD.

Our fifteen hundred passengers are divided into classes 1, 2 and 3. In class Number 1 we have the Gould family, other millionaires, European nobility, and the magnates of both continents. The Episcopal service read on Sunday morning was quite as much religion as these could stand. This class paid seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per capita for their passage. In class Number 2, we have the gentry of both continents, people in moderate financial circumstance, sailing at forty to fifty dollars per capita. To this class the living Word was preached in the freedom of the Spirit, which some received with gladness, while others mocked.

While the first class had so much money as to be utterly beyond the reach of the Gospel, only a portion of the second class appeared susceptible of saving grace.

In the third class sailed the poor people at ten dollars per capita, bedless and boardless, dumped into the hold of a ship to abide their destinies amid the freight. With these we find exceedingly appreciative audiences. They stood round en masse, with wide open mouths, sang the good old Methodist songs and with the spirit and the understanding received the gospel as a feast, invoked their blessings on us and bade us come again.

I said these are the Lord's poor. If Jesus were on board he would make the steerage His field of labor, so this a minature world. The bon-tons of upper tendom

are utterly beyond the range of gospel artillery. Some of the middle classes may be saved and others are inaccessible, while the poor, almost without exception, hail the Gospel with enthusiasm, crowd to their places at the feast and bless the Founder's name. Jesus made a specialty of teaching the poor. When the Apostolical College at Jerusalem sent out Paul and Barnabas they laid on them the solitary embargo to remember the poor. How long will we act the fool and waste our ammunition on the rich, who treat our message with contempt and go down to hell at last, while we forfeit the crown of glory which awaits soul-winners in heaven, and which the Savior had prepared for us if we had only been courageous enough to preach to the poor regardless of reputation and filthy lucre?

God is using the Salvation Army and all the Holiness people to raise up for Him a kingdom out of the slums and the jungles, which will throw into eternal eclipse the time-honored ecclesiasticisms of nominal Christendom. Reader, would you wear a starry crown forever? Go and preach to the poor!

ENGLISH FARMING LIKE SANCTIFIED RELIGION.

The American clears or purchases land, wears it out and buys more ; dies with old age bankrupt, amid his worn out lands, his heirs poor for same reason. The English farmer never wears out his lands. He grows neither corn nor tobacco, nor any other impoverishers. He grows wheat, clover and other fertilizing grains and grasses, with a vast variety of fruits and vegetables. He permits not a foot of land to lie waste. He fertilizes the the poor spots, irrigates the dry and drains the wet. Even the railroad embankment is smoothed, grassed and

mowed for hay. Every little nook and corner is looked after. Where a stone wall is necessary to hold the soil it is built. The soil of England has been constantly cultivated since the Norman conquest two thousand years ago, and is more productive now than ever.

The justified man gets his religion at the camp-meeting and wears it out by the next annual encampment and has to get more or sink into a backslider's hell. The sanctified man keeps all he has and gets more faster than the justified man. Like the English farmer who, instead of wearing out his land, enriches it and is thus enabled to augment his territory ever and anon by purchase, lives in prosperity and dies in affluence.

So, when the sanctified man comes to the camp-meeting he doesn't have to get religion, for he has more than he had at the adjournment a year ago, but he is ready for showers of blessing to enrich an experience of holiness already clear and bright. When he comes to die he is not like the up and down professor, "scarcely saved;" 1st Peter 4-18: "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" Here we see the justified man is saved, but "scarcely," i. e., with difficulty. He has to get sanctified in the article of death, has no time to live to glorify God, but is barely saved in spiritual infancy.

On the contrary, the sanctified man receives the "abundant entrance," 2d Peter, 1; 11.

Reader, I hope you are not content with the slip-shod up and down religion, but go for entire sanctification as quickly as possible, so you will have time to add to your sanctified experience that glorious constellation catalogued in 2d Peter, 1; 4-11.

LONDON.

Two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar, the great Roman, founded London, little dreaming that the "Colonia Romania" of his recent conquest was destined to supersede great Rome in the metropolitanship of the world. With a population of four millions, the annual increase of London is one hundred thousand.

How the mind grows dizzy in contemplation of the future magnitude of this world's metropolis! Food and clothing are cheaper in London than any other place I ever saw. Perhaps this with the wonderful healthfulness of the climate accounts for the paradoxical influx of population. The policemen of London look like kings. They are the grandest men I ever saw. When I asked them for a word of direction in two minutes they would have me in a street omnibus or a subterranean train, travelling five miles for two pennies. The streets of London are not encumbered with railroad tracks and cars, but are clear for the omnibuses and other innumerable vehicles drawn by the great English horse (much larger than the American) and the pedestrian multitudes thronging in all directions. The city is supplied with a most perfect system of railroads, but they all either run through tunnels under the city, or on tressels erected above all the vehicles moving on the streets. London has deservedly won the metropolitanship of the world.

JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE AND CHAPEL.

I sat in his chair, handled his books, went into all the rooms of his little house, was in the chamber where he bade the world adieu, and in the little room where he shook heaven, earth and hell by his prayers; his statue stands in front of his chapel, facing City Road. I at-

tended a great temperance meeting in the church addressed by Lady Henry Somerset. Her dress was very plain with no jewelry, her hair cut short, her uncovered head, her strong masculine voice, all combined to command and hold the attention of every auditor. She is a plain old style Methodist preacher, with a courage like Paul and an eloquence like Apollos. She made frequent allusions to John Wesley and powerful appeals to be true to their prohibition vows, and appreciate the glorious privilege of standing in the front of the temperance army, destined to conquer not only the British Empire but the world. I was impressed with her definition of a fanatic. "The fanatic is God's prophet, luminous with light, unseen by the multitude. Because he walks in this light and proclaims to the people the glorious realities and stubborn verities, seen by him but unseen by them, they stigmatize him fanatic."

TOWER OF LONDON.

Here I saw in vivid panorama the wonders of the middle ages, when the highest conception of humanity was a Christian knight, clothed in shining panoply from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, mounted on his gallant war-horse with uplifted sword going forth to conquer the world for Christ.

Satan is the great counterfeiter, has even counterfeited the Lord's millennium. During the first three hundred years of the Christian era all the saints of God were in constant anticipation of the Lord's second coming to establish His millennial reign on the earth. Satan postponed the Lord's millennium by derailing the Apostolic Church from the grand trunk line of entire sanctification and

thus he maneuvered to bring in his own millennium, the Dark Ages, beginning with the fourth century and running a thousand years, down to the fourteenth century. During this period not one man in a thousand could read or write. Ignorance, crime, sin and shame held high carnival around the world. The Roman Empire was the upholder of civil government and civilization passed away. It was Satan's millennium because he conferred unlimited liberties on all his people to enjoy the pleasures of crime, sin and shame.

These curious institutions, chivalry, knight-errantry and the crusades so vividly perpetuated in the statuary of the Tower, are the first brilliant scintillations sent forth from the rising sun of modern civilization, to expel the long night of a thousand years and bring light and hope again into the world. The ancient civilization was paganistic. Here we see the great wheel of God's merciful providence revolving round and defeating the designs of Satan. It was pertinent that the civilization which shall constitute the substratum of the millennial reign in its warp and woof, genius and spirit emanate from God's revealed truth. During the dark ages of Satan's millennium, these chivalric Christian heroes, courageous to do and to dare, added their blood to that which crimsoned Calvary's cross, and laid deep the foundation of that pure Christian civilization, which, since the days of Luther and Wesley, has been ringing the bells of heaven around the world.

In the church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, I saw and handled the sword of Godfrey, the heroic leader of the crusaders, who conquered the infidel Musselmen and recaptured Jerusalem in the eleventh century. Among the heroes in the Tower of London I saw Queen Eliza-

beth mounted on her gallant war-steed hastening to St. Paul's church to give thanks to God for the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

When John Knox, the sanctified leader of the Scotch nolliness bands (Covenanters), succeeded in praying bloody Mary off the throne of England till she dropped dead, and Elizabeth, the friend of Protestants and protector of the martyrs ascended the throne of England, the Pope of Rome thundered forth all the anathemas of the Vatican against England for tolerating a Protestant queen, and called aloud to the whole Catholic world to rally to the rescue of England from Protestant misrule. Spain led the Catholic forces in the on-coming conflict, and so vast was the armament by sea and land that the Pope pronounced it the "Invincible Armada."

Queen Elizabeth mounted her war-horse, rode to the battle-field and delivered war speeches to the soldiers. The victory was so decisive that it not only permanently established Elizabeth on the throne but laid deep the foundations of the British empire.

From that day Great Britain became the giant defender of Protestants in all lands, and this day with the United States constitutes the wings of the Apocalyptic angel Rev. 14:6, commissioned of heaven to fly into all lands and preach the everlasting gospel to all nations upon the face of the earth.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Here I saw in sepulchre and statuary the mighty dead. Kings, queens, heroes, martyrs, poets, orators, sages and statesmen in sepulchral panorama passed before me, the history of the last seven hundred years.

In this wonderful pageantry of the world's master spirits

I saw John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, also the tomb of David Livingstone, the Apostle of Africa. It is near the centre of the naive, opposite the pulpit and near the bust of John and Charles Wesley. About seventy years ago, a protracted meeting was held in Scotland. They labored hard, too, and wound up very despondent, because of their failure. They had but one convert. He was an obscure young man, his family poor and uninfluential. His name was David Livingstone. From ages prehistoric Africa had been regarded an uninhabitable desert except about one hundred miles around the coast. The cannibals and great formidable and poisonous serpents intimidated all adventurers for the last four thousand years, hence interior Africa was an unknown world. David Livingstone was not the man to flicker when God said: "Go to Africa and preach the gospel." In 1840 he entered by way of the South, wedded the daughter of Robert Moffatt the missionary of South Africa, took her by the hand and walked right into the interior, despite cannibals, lions and boa-constrictors. The woman preached by his side twelve years and flew up to Heaven. He buried her body under a green tree and went preaching alone. He crossed the continent to and fro, found it not a desert waste, but a glorious country, traversed by majestic rivers, lofty mountains, containing immense forests, vast prairies, of inexhaustible fertility, producing every variety of tropical fruits. So Livingstone, like our Columbus four hundred years ago, discovered a new world. He seemed as a John the Baptist for Bishop Taylor. The Christian world heard not from him after he entered interior Africa. Such became their solicitude that they sent Henry M. Stanley with an army (for no one but Living-

stone would do to enter the interior without an army), to hunt lost Livingstone. He found him. "O Livingstone! I have come to bring you back to the civilized world." "I can't go with you. God needs me in Africa. I must finish my work." He then remains three years longer, making thirty-three in all, and the angels came after him. The natives carry his body two thousand miles to Zanzibar, whence it is carried over the seas to London, and buried in Westminster Abbey along with kings of England. When the great archangel's trumpet shall sound, and Westminster shall disentomb her mighty dead, methinks David Livingstone will head the column with tremendous shouts of victory.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

Could you interpret the utterances of her rolling billows what a wonderful history would pass in panorama before you. On the banks of this wonderful sea tradition locates the creation of the human race and the Garden of Eden. When Noah, the post-diluvian father of mankind, divided his estate among his three sons, he gave to Ham, Africa, to Shem, Asia, and to Japheth, Europe. All of these three grand divisions of the earth are laved by this Mediterranean Sea.

This sea has constituted the center of the world in all ages, and has washed the shores of the time-honored empires of all ages. In some mysterious way empire has ever lingered on the bank of the Mediterranean.

The Carthaginians, who, under the leadership of Hannibal, put to flight the armies of the world's mistress, dwelt on the banks of this sea. The Greeks, who conquered the world under Alexander the Great, lived on the banks of this empire sea. The Romans, who ruled

the world a thousand years, lived on the banks of the Mediterranean. The British Empire is now the greatest military power on the globe and she holds in her grip this magical sea. With the impregnable fortifications of Gibraltar she holds the entrance and with invincible strongholds of Malta she thunders her artillery over the interior. With these two fortifications she is prepared to hold this empire sea against the combined armies of Europe.

I sailed on this beautiful and wonderful sea about fifteen days.

EGYPT AND THE NILE

Egypt is the oldest country in history, the first of the post-diluvian world to be settled and civilized, the first in all the world to establish civil government.

She has on her monuments a wonderful hieroglyphic history, antedating the invention of letters.

There is no doubt Egypt was the leader in ante-diluvian civilization. It is highly probable that some of the pyramids were built in ante-diluvian times.

"Egypt is a gift of the Nile" is a very ancient proverb. Egypt is all desert except the Nile Valley and the oases. The deserts are inhabited only by the roaming Bedouins, with their camels and donkeys.

The source of the Nile had been the puzzle of all ages till the impossibility of finding it had grown into a proverb, when Dr. Livingstone, in 1870, identified it with Lake Victoria and Lake Albert, far beyond the equator in Central Africa, out of which flow the White Nile and the Blue Nile, which unite after a thousand miles and flow three thousand miles farther, through the Soudan, Abyssina, into the Mediterranean Sea. The melting of the snow on the Mountains of the Moon floods these lakes

in midsummer, which discharge the overflow through the Nile, causing it to inundate its entire valley once a year, leaving a rich alluvial deposit, thus perpetuating the inexhaustible fertility of that wonderful Nile Valley. As these annual deposits have been going on at least six thousand years, the soil is of unknown depth and inexhaustible fertility.

This Nile Valley is ten to thirty miles wide, all level as a floor, and visited by the annual inundation. Though it has been cultivated four thousand years, it is this day worth three hundred dollars an acre, the tax being \$4.00 per acre.

The whole country is traversed by canals extending out from both banks of the Nile, out of which the water is pumped up by cattle and buffaloes and used for irrigation. Thus the whole country is thoroughly supplied with water, and they raise four crops a year. As it never rains in Egypt, they depend entirely on the annual overflow and irrigation. The productiveness of the soil is simply inconceivable to an absentee, as they raise four crops a year. All sorts of vegetables and fruits abound in the greatest profusion in all seasons. No end to the melons, cucumbers, potatoes, onions, and an infinite variety of vegetables peculiar to tropical climates. The fruitfulness of the country is incalculable.

I saw a fig tree in Cairo eight feet in diameter and literally covered with fruit. Olives, palm-dates, oranges, lemons, bananas every where abound. The sycamore tree flourishes there and bears a very delicious fruit. The acacia tree abounds. I never before saw a country so heavily stocked with domestic animals. I could see donkeys, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, horses and cattle in vast numbers whenever I looked out of the car

window. They have no fences, hence everything is to be herded or hitched, which brings much labor to the women and children.

The rich live in stone mansions and the poor in mud houses without roofs, except something put up for a shade, as there is no rain to keep out.

I don't wonder that this charming Nile Valley attracted the first generations and focalized the first population of the world. I do not wonder that it was the first choice made by the children of Noah.

The productiveness of that virgin soil was certainly inconceivable. Egypt was the granary of the world in the patriarchial ages and in the times of Greece and Rome.

HELIOPOLIS, MEMPHIS AND CAIRO.

Heliopolis means City of the Sun. The worship of the sun (Ocyrus) and the moon (Iris) was most prominent in Egyptian mythology. The great cities of Heliopolis and Memphis were about ten miles apart and doubtless ran together. The same ground is occupied by the modern city of Cairo, with a population of five hundred thousand. Heliopolis was the ecclesiastical metropolis, while Memphis was the political. Heliopolis was adorned with the most magnificent temples dedicated to the sun and moon, in which the most gorgeous rites and ceremonies were celebrated by the magical priesthood. Heliopolis was adorned with many magnificent towers, of which all but one have been carried away. I saw several of them in Rome which had been carried thither by the emperors and set up in different parts of the city. I am satisfied they were taken from Heliopolis, because the hieroglyphic superscriptions on them are just like those I saw on the beautiful monolith granite monu-

ments still standing on the site of Heliopolis. The most of the valuable statuary of Heliopolis and Memphis are now to be seen in the great museum in Cairo. There I saw every variety of human mechanism, artistic curiosity and an infinite variety of statuary. I saw mummies which, though four thousand years old, were on the citadel overlooking Cairo. I saw Jacob's Well, or as some people call it, Joseph's Well. It is two hundred feet deep and had thirty feet of water, At the top it is twenty feet by seventeen, and descends with a slight convergence to the bottom. It is at least a traditionary confirmation that Heliopolis and Memphis were the scenes of Israel's sojourn in Egypt. This well certainly confirms the presence of Jacob and Joseph at Cairo.

I saw the famous Mameluke's leap; in 1811 when the Pasha decoyed them into the citadel and destroyed them all but this one, who leaped his horse over an iron balcony down a precipice one hundred and fifty feet. The horse was killed, but Mameluke escaped, the only survivor of that memorable band.

PYRAMIDS.

We come now to the wonder of wonders. There are nine great pyramids, with innumerable small ones, many of which are perished, though there is not much difference in the size of several of these great pyramids. The largest one of these, Cheops, covers eleven acres of ground and is five hundred and fifty feet high. When I stood on its pinnacle, eleven times the height of a forest tree, it made me dizzy to look down, and I thought of Solomon's saying about old men, Eccl. 12: "They are afraid of that which is high."

While climbing the pyramids I had a Bedouin pulling

each hand and two lifting me in the rear, and still it made me so sore I could scarcely walk for days.

I also went through the winding shaft into the dismal interior of this pyramid. These pyramids are by far the greatest work of man on the globe. For what purpose were they built? That question is easily answered. They are the tombs of the Pharoahs. These great pyramids extend over an area of ten miles, all of which is filled up with tombs. It is the royal cemetery of the Pharoachian age.

At what time were they built? All available phenomena consign them to the pre-historic periods of the Pharoachian age. They were built long before the children of Israel sojourned in that country. Though the modern Egyptians consign them to the early post-diluvian times, the ancient Egyptians imputed the largest pyramids to the ante-diluvians. In this there is at least a plausibility, because Noah's flood would not hurt them, while the longevity and the superior physical ability of the ante-diluvians would certainly somewhat relieve the apparent impossibilities involved. When I stood on the apex of old Cheops I was profoundly impressed that these paradoxical monuments of physical power are the work of those ante-diluvian giants who lived a thousand years.

It has been estimated that the building of Cheops would require the work of twenty thousand men a hundred years, or a hundred thousand men twenty years. As there is no native rock about there, this vast world of stone had to be transported fifteen miles down the Nile from Makebah. The shortest period assigned to these pyramids by any line of investigation is four thousand years.

The Egyptian magicians thought that the soul is immortal only so long as the body survived disintegration. Hence, they embalmed the body and turned them into mummies, which have survived four thousand years and are still in a perfect state of preservation. These pyramids were built with the conception of immortality. They are a success. Nothing but the earthquakes of the resurrection morn can ever shake them down.

THE SPHINX.

This paradoxical monster stands about two hundred yards south of Cheops and east of Gizeh.

It is a hundred and twenty feet long, sixty feet high, with the body of a lion and face of a virgin. A monolith (i. e. all one piece) cut out of the solid rock. O, how did they ever bring it fifteen miles from Makebah where it was made?

What is the Sphinx? They designed it as the statue of the Almighty. The lion is the king of the animal kingdom. Hence the lion emblemizes God's omnipotence. The virgin face is a double emblem. Woman includes man though man does not include woman.

Man existed without woman, but not the woman without the man, for the woman was created out of man. Adam was the first work and symbolizes justification, the first work of grace. Eve, was a second work and symbolizes sanctification. From these facts, we see that sanctification always includes justification, but justification never includes sanctification. A woman is man, but man is not woman. When we say man is mortal we include woman: but when we say woman is modest we do not include men. Hence the virgin face of the Sphinx includes not only the purity of the virgin but the wisdom of

man. Hence we see that this virgin face emblemizes God's omnipotence and his holiness.

I entered the temple of the sphinx on the same spot. It is the most beautiful edifice I ever saw. Every piece of it is that beautiful red granite transported from the cataracts of the Nile five hundred miles. Every piece of it is a monolith polished perfectly smooth. I saw several rooms in that temple whose entire ceiling overhead consisted of a granite monolith pursuant to the symbolic signification of the sphinx. The worship in this temple must have been of a high order. They worshipped the attributes of omnipotence, omniscience and holiness.

The application is easy. Even the light of nature teaches that God requires those who dwell in his presence to be like Him. His omniscience reads the heart of His worshipers and sees just what they need. His omnipotence stands ready for every possible emergency. His holiness is the standard by which we are to measure; (not that our holiness is identical with his in degree, but in kind). Hence we see the sphinx symbolically and very forcibly teaches entire sanctification.

ALEXANDRIA AND POMPEY'S PILLAR.

Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, twenty-two hundred years ago. It is located on the Mediterranean Sea, near the mouth of the Nile, and contains a population of three hundred thousand. It is laid off in squares with broad and beautiful streets, much like an American city, highly complimentary of its illustrious founder and strikingly contrastive with the narrow crooked streets of Jerusalem and other oriental cities. Pompey's Pillar stands on an eminence overlooking the city. It is a marvel of curiosity. It is one hundred

and four feet high, ten feet in diameter with a caption fifteen feet square. It is a granite monolith (i. e. all one piece), standing on a pedestal of the same material fourteen feet high. It was hewn out at the cataracts of the Nile eight hundred miles up the river. Now, the wonder is, how they ever brought a solid stone of those dimensions from the quarries and set it up on that pedestal.

PALESTINE.

This country is naturally divided into the highlands and the lowlands.

The former include the great mountainous and table lands of the interior, on which stand Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Hebron.

The latter include the plain of the Mediterranean on the west and that of the Jordan on the east. The Mediterranean plain is called Sharan along the road to Jerusalem and by other names in different localities. This plain extends out about twenty miles from the sea shore. It is perfectly level and exceedingly fertile, producing wheat in great abundance, with a vast variety of grains and vegetables, while the orange field, olive, lemon, banana and a vast variety of tropical fruits everywhere abound. The vine everywhere flourishes, producing most excellent qualities of grapes. I don't wonder that the Philistines fought so long for this wonderfully rich and delightful country.

I saw their ancient city Ekron. I saw Zorah on the border of their country where Sampson was born. Hence he found it very convenient to invade their country. It is difficult for people in our latitude and longitude to appreciate the value of such a country, level and beautiful with a soil of inexhaustible fertility, a climate where

there is no winter, but tropical fruits abound the encircling year. While the plain of the Jordan is level, rich and beautiful, containing fifty thousand acres of nice, tillable lands, it is a desert except where streams of water run through it, and inhabited only by a few Arabs about these irrigated spots.

In the days of Abraham and Lot, before Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, the plain of the Jordan was everywhere well watered, Gen. 13:10, and supported the mighty multitudes of Sodom and Gomorrah. For ought we know, they irrigated it. That this great Jordan Valley was at that day in a high state of cultivation, abounding in wealth and supporting a dense population is positively revealed in the Bible. After the destruction of Sodom, Jericho was built on the same plain fifteen miles up the river. I saw the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, now covered by the Dead Sea. The guide pointed me out Zoar in the land of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, whither Lot with his two daughters fled from burning Sodom! He also called my attention to Mt. Pisgah and Nebo hanging over the Red Sea, whither Moses climbed and standing viewed the promised land. Jericho, like Sodom and Gomorrah, contained a vast population.

I rode over the ruins of the city two miles long. This vast population was dependent on the Jordan Valley for support.

The reason why this rich and beautiful plain is now unproductive is because it receives almost no rain and this is because of its environment by deserts, those of Moab just over Jordan on the east and the wilderness of Judea on the west. This valley needs nothing but the encouragement of good government and Western enter-

prise to transform it from a desert waste into the blooming fruit-bearing garden of the Lord. The Jordan's swelling floods are sweeping by and wasting in the Dead Sea. They are amply sufficient, if carried out in canals and pumped, as in the case of the Nile in Egypt, to irrigate all this valley and make it as fruitful as the garden of the Lord. Besides Jordan's floods, a number of creeks flow into the Jordan right through this plain, e. g., Elisha's Fountain rises at the ruins of old Jericho, a swelling flood of nice, pure water sufficient for a million people.

O, how the plain of Jordan would again become the scene of prosperity and affluence as in the days of Sodom and Jericho if the intolerable yoke of Turkdom were only lifted from the necks of the people.

This is ten thousand feet below Jerusalem and five thousand below the Mediterranean, hence all tropical fruits would flourish there as under the equator.

Between the table lands of the interior and the plain of the Jordan lies the wilderness of Judea, Matt. 7:7. This is a very rugged mountain region, utterly desolate for the want of rain. It produces only the nettlish mosses and ferns on which the goats subsist. I saw but two houses in it, i. e., the Tavern of the Good Samaritan, built on the spot where the thieves maltreated the traveller, and a monastery over the brook Cherith where Elijah dwelt, fed by the ravens. It is occupied by Greek monks. This brook is the only water I saw in all of that wilderness. It is inhabited only by herdsmen in charge of goats and, I am sorry to say, the robbers still infest that country. It is so terribly rugged and uninhabited that robbers can hide in the caves with utter impunity. When we were going through the Valley of Blood, so called because

many travellers have there been killed by robbers, the guide told me he saw five robbers watching the road from their hiding places. If they had not seen our armed escort, they would have attacked us.

In this dreary wilderness John the Baptist found an interesting evangelistic field. He found a good living on the locusts and wild honey. In this wilderness I saw the locusts so thick I could gather up a basket full without moving. They seemed quite indisposed to fly. I could have gathered up a great quantity with little effort. When divested of wings and legs they are about the size of sardines and quite palatable, tasting somewhat like fish when nicely dressed, cooked and sweetened with honey. They eat better than you think. Our American Indians at the present day eat the grasshopper, a species of locust quite inferior in size and edibility to those eaten by John the Baptist and his associate evangelists. Many a circuit rider has succumbed to a more stunted living than John the Baptist enjoyed.

JERUSALEM.

There is magic in the sound. It means the possession of peace. It is the spot pointed out by tradition where God broke the very earth out of which he created Adam and Eve. It is hallowed by the presence of the mighty works, the death and resurrection of the Incarnate God. It is the holy city in a higher sense than any other on earth. It is sacred to Jews, Christians and Moham-medans. Kings in all ages have feared this holy city, hence have sought to possess it, and rather than it shall belong to another, to destroy it. Hence Jerusalem has been a bone of contention among the kings of the earth in all ages and will continue till the Lord shall return to

Mount Olivet, and establish his millennial kindom at Jerusalem. This wonderful city has stood seventeen sieges, and been destroyed seven times. It is built on four mountains: Moriah, Zion, Acra, and Bezetha. Acra, however, is but another prominence of Zion and Bezetha of Moriah, while in reality Moriah and Zion are summits of the same great mountain. Zion is the western summit, rising up from the deep valley of Gihon and Hinnom, while Moriah is the eastern summit, rising up out of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat and Kidron. This mountain broadens out and forms a beautiful tableland, including these four summits, Moriah, Zion, Acra and Bezetha. The Moslems occupy Moriah, the Jews and Armenians Zion, the Greeks, Romans and Armenians Bezetha. The city, as in olden times, is surrounded by a great impassable wall three miles in compass. The city is entered by seven gates. On the east the Jaffa gate, on the south David's and the Dung gate, on the west St. Stephen's gate, and on the north Herod's gate, Damascus and the New gates. None of these gates can be entered by carriages except Jaffa gate and Damascus gate. A carriage can pass through David's gate, but it seldom ever occurs. When carriages enter the Jaffa and Damascus gates, they go but a few paces till they retreat as the streets of Jerusalem, which are only from five to fifteen feet wide and frequently arched with stone and houses built over them, do not admit carriages, but only pedestrians, all merchandise and building materials being carried in and out on the backs of the camel and the donkey. The city within the walls is crowded full, the wall frequently constituting a part of the building. You must bear in mind that all buildings of every kind in Asia and Africa and generally in Europe, are made of stone

throughout, walls floors and roofs. They cement it all together and make it a solid rock from top to bottom.

In olden times the site of a city was always determined by some natural fortification which could be improved by art if possible, rendered impregnable. This is pre-eminently true of Jerusalem. God Himself made the situation and selected it for his ecclesiastical metropolis. Hence it is unlike any other spot I ever saw. A deep gorge impassable by an invading army encircles the city on three sides. This chasm has different names in different places. On the west it is called Gihon, on the south-west it is called Hinnom, on the south-east, it is called Jehoshaphat, and on the east Kidron, but it is one and same great mountain gorge throughout. As this deep chasm encircles the city on all sides, except the north, invading armies have always approached from the north. When Titus, the Roman, destroyed it forty years after the crucifixion of Christ, he approached it from the north. As the wall of the city stands on the brink of the precipice on three sides of the city, it would be impossible for an invading army to enter it. Nearly all ingress and egress are from the north.

The population of the city is estimated at one hundred thousand, fifty thousand within the walls and fifty thousand without. Of course the city without the wall is all on the north side. There the level table-land, on which the city is built, continues indefinitely. The city without the wall is beautiful, with nice open streets, accessible to vehicles and somewhat exhibits the aspect of a growing American city. All of the consuls of the different nations live in this part of the city, with the flags of the countries they represent floating in the air. It did me good to see the Star Spangled Banner among them. Mr.

Wallace, the American Consul, is a Christian gentleman and showed great kindness. Jerusalem has a magnetism for all nations. They are there, and have much valuable property and are still building, especially the Russians and the French.

OTHER CITIES.

Joppa, (Jaffa) the seaport of Jerusalem, with a population of forty thousand, is the second city in Palestine. Here I visited the house of Simon the Tanner where Peter was lodging when Cornelius sent for him. It is a very venerable stone cottage one story high with walls three feet thick. Stone stairway projecting from the outside of the house and flat stone roof, so cemented together that it looks just like a native solid rock. The whole house, wall, floor, roof and stairway, presents the aspect of a native solid rock, as if it had dropped from the hand of God six thousand years ago. I walked up the stairway and knelt on the flat roof where Peter was praying when he saw that wonderful vision of universal free grace and where he received with gladness the centurion's call and hastened to preach the introductory sermon of the first grand holiness convention of the gentile world. This house is down by the sea-side. Joppa is rapidly increasing in population. I visited the German Colony in the suburbs. Joppa is ripe for evangelistic work.

Nablaus, up on the sea coast, is third in population (unhistoric). Hebron twenty-two miles south of Jerusalem with eighteen thousand inhabitants is the fourth city in Palestine. Like Jerusalem it is a holy city. It contains the cave of Machpelah, the tomb of the prophets. Here reposes the dust of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah and other members of the patri-

archial family. The Arabs all claim lineage of Abraham through Ishmael, Esau and Joktan. They say that Abraham offered Ishmael on Mt. Moriah instead of Isaac. Hebron, like Jerusalem, is sacred to Moslems, Jews and Christians. Hence it is a thrice holy city. The Moslems hold the cave of Machpelah, over which a great mosque stands. No one is permitted to enter the cave. They certify that spirits of the prophets are there, and will certainly kill any mortal who has the impudence to invade their sacred rest. The celebrated plain of Mamre, the home of Abraham, extends down into the city from the west. It is very fertile and fruitful. I saw the reputed oak under which Abraham was sitting when our Lord accompanied by two angels visited him, announcing the miraculous conception of Isaac and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. A large Greek convent stands on the site of Abraham's tent. Brother Godbey do you believe that oak has lived four thousand years? The Palestinean oak, unlike the American, renews itself from the roots. It decays and thus perpetuates itself indefinitely. I measured this oak and found it forty feet in circumference. It has decayed repeatedly and been renewed from the root.

The valley of Eschol comes down into Hebron from the north. It is literally covered with grape-vines. They are very large and thrifty, covering the whole surface of the earth. Brother Murray, the American missionary, told me the bunches were eighteen inches long, eight inches in diameter and weighed five pounds. I ate some of them and found them very sweet and delicious. Sister Murray told me that she made five different edibles out of these grapes, all of which are exceedingly delicious and nutritious. So the testimony of the spies in reference to the

grapes of Eschol is abundantly corroborated at the present day. David's pool, 2nd Samuel 4-12, is in the centre of the city and supplies it with water. Bethlehem, five miles from Jerusalem on the Hebron road, with a population of eight thousand, is the fifth city in Palestine. It is like Jerusalem and Hebron, a holy city ; forever hallowed and memorable as the birth-place of our Savior. The Church of the Nativity stands over the spot where He was born and contains the manger in which He was laid. It is owned by Greeks, Romans and Armenians, all of whom hold daily worship, at different hours, guarded by Turkish soldiers, with loaded guns, to keep them from killing each other. This is a blighting shame on the escutcheon of Christianity and an insuperable impediment to the conversion of the Moslems. I saw the Shepherd's Field where they were keeping their flocks when the angels announced to them the birth of our Savior. I saw the way they came to the manger. I entered the church of the Milky Grotto, built over a cave in which it is said that the Virgin Mary remained for a time and nursed her child before returning to their home in Nazareth. I saw the cave in which it is said St. Jerome translated the Bible into Latin, in the fourth century. I saw David's well without the gate. The guide pointed me out the cave of Adullam in which David hid from Saul. Bethlehem is surrounded by vineyards, olive groves, fig trees and fruitful fields and gardens.

The city is growing; valuable buildings are going up in full view of Bethlehem, on a beautiful hill toward the west. In the midst of about a thousand olive trees stands the town of Zelzah in which King Saul was born. It is handsome and flourishing. In sight of Bethlehem, on the road to Jerusalem, is the tomb of Rachel on the spot

where Benjamin was born and she died. It is a conical stone structure about twenty feet high. No person is permitted to enter it. Ramleh, on the road from Joppa to Jerusalem, with a population of seven thousand, is the sixth city in Palestine. Nazareth with five thousand inhabitants is the seventh. It is forever memorable and hallowed as the home of Jesus during his unofficial life upon the earth; where he taught all the young people to stay at home, work and take care of their parents.

ARABIC VILLAGES.

After we cross the Atlantic we see no more rural homes scattered here and there on the farms as we do in America. The land belongs to rich people living in the cities and is cultivated by the poor, who live in villages, go out in gangs with their donkeys and camels, sheep and goats and cultivate the lands.

As a rule, there are no fences in the Old World. All their domestic animals must be herded or hitched. Three fourths of the Palestinean population are Arabs, one-eighth Jews, one-sixteenth Turks and one-sixteenth Europeans, nearly all of whom hold their citizenship in the countries whence they came.

The Arabs are the rural laborers in Palestine. They live in villages nestling among the hills, many of them in caves and rude huts built of stone and earth.

Bethany, over Mt. Olivet from Jerusalem, is an Arabic village. These villages are scattered throughout Palestine.

I was gratified to learn from Sister Dunn and Sister Brown, of Pastor Simpson's mission, that many of these Arabic villages are becoming accessible to their evangelistic work.

SUBTERRANEAN JERUSALEM.

The temple grounds on Mt. Moriah occupy about twelve acres. They are surrounded by stone mansions, inhabited by Moslem priests. On the site of Solomon's temple stands a magnificent Mohammedan mosque, occupying the summit of Moriah. There I saw the stone on which it is said Abraham offered up Isaac as a sacrifice. A number of the beautiful pillars of diversified colors which stood in Solomon's temple are still in the mosque. While walking over the temple grounds the guide asked me if I would visit Solomon's stables. I responded in the affirmative. He led me down a stone stairway about fifty feet into a subterranean area containing about two acres. It was excavated by quarrying the stone and carrying it away, leaving columns of native rock about fifteen feet apart to support the superincumbent strata. The place is comfortable, well lighted and accessible from the side of the mountain, capacious enough for several hundred horses and chariots. Here stone was procured to build the temple and perhaps other edifices.

When we descended from Mt. Calvary about three hundred yards north of the city wall, the guide asked me if I wanted to see Solomon's quarries. I responded in the affirmative. He led me to the city wall about a hundred yards east of the Damascus Gate where the wall is built on a great native rock. He called. A man brought a key and opened a door beneath the wall. We then entered a great subterranean chamber, having been formed by quarrying and removing the stone. We walked on perhaps a thousand feet through this great underground chamber. The guide said :

"These are Solomon's quarries where he procured the stone to built the temple."

THE TOMBS.

The Jews are buried on Mt. Olivet, which is the largest mountain in all that region. Yet it is literally filled up with tombs from its base down in the bottom of Jehoshaphat and Kidron and running to the top.

I saw the magnificent tomb of Zachariah the prophet and the Apostle James and others noted in the scriptures. I saw Absalom's pillar, which his father made to perpetuate his memory. It is conical and about twenty feet high.

Bethany is at the base of Mt. Olivet on the east side. There I entered the tomb of Lazarus, and saw the ruined house in which they lived when Jesus visited them.

Though the Jews were all driven away from Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago and very few have ever come back, yet Mt. Olivet is a standing witness to the legitimate claim of the Jews to the country. O, what mighty multitudes of Jews will leap out of Mt. Olivet on the resurrection morn.

The Mohammedans bury on Mt. Moriah outside of the wall. They have a great many tombs, but not comparable to the Jews. The Christians bury on Mt. Zion. Their tombs are so few as to be hardly recognizable. Though Jerusalem ought to be the metropolis of Christendom and such I believe she will be in the good time coming, yet it is a significant fact that very few Christians have ever lived or died at Jerusalem.

I visited the tombs of the kings of Israel, one mile north of the city wall—you must remember all the highlands of Palestine rest on a bed of limestone. A great section of stone about two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide is removed from the brow of a majestic hill. A stone stairway about fifty feet wide

descends into this excavation. There is a pool under the rock wall at the lower side for washing the bodies of the dead before interment.

The guide calls my attention to the rolling stone at the door of the sepulchre, leads the way with a light and we follow. We pass through the door into the chamber about twenty feet square and ten feet high hewn out of the solid rock. On all sides of this chamber vaults have been excavated in the rock for the disposition of the dead. I entered several chambers excavated out of the solid rock, surrounded by vaults in which the kings of Israel had been interred. I looked in those vaults, but could find nothing. Of course the royal dust was there, but not a vestige could be found. I thought of the mummies I had seen in Egypt, the bodies of the mighty men who had ruled the world in the Pharochian times. Though they lived and died more than a thousand years before the kings of Israel they are still in a perfect state of preservation. The mummies are a perpetual rebuke to the science of the present day, as no one in all the world understands the art of embalmment, while the pyramids stand an everlasting rebuke to the boasted mechanics of the present age, as we have no dynamics competent to erect them.

CHRISTIANITY IN JERUSALEM.

The Moslems occupy Mt. Moriah and Mt. Bezetha, the Jews and Armenian Christians Mt. Zion, and the Greeks, Romans, Armenians, Russians and Syrians occupy Mt. Acra. They all respectively have their quarters in the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where they hold daily service, guarded by Turkish soldiers with loaded guns to keep them from killing each other.

This worse than pagan barbarism, humiliating the escutcheon of Christianity, has disgusted the Moslems for ages and fastened on them the conclusion that their religion is much better than ours, as they have to keep the peace among the warring sects. Among the Christian denominations in Palestine the Greeks are the strongest numerically, financially and influentially. Their faith is pure and their creed orthodox. They discard the Mariolatry of the Romans and all sorts of idolatry and are much more tolerant toward the Protestants than the Roman Catholics, yet it is a lamentable fact that they seem utterly ignorant of evangelical repentance and experimental salvation. O, how they need a Luther and a Wesley to rise among them and lead them back to apostolic simplicity. They need internal reformation, regeneration and sanctification.

The Romans are second in numerical, financial and influential availability. They are so well known in America that I need not speak of them.

The Armenian Christians occupy the third rank in denominational influence. Their worship is more in harmony with first principles than that of the Romans. However, they magnify, or rather deify, the Apostle James, the first pastor at Jerusalem, like the Romans do Peter. The Greeks say the Romans build on Peter, the Armenians on James and they on Christ.

The Russians occupy the fourth rank and the Syrians the fifth. These different denominations have many great convents, monasteries and schools in Jerusalem and other places throughout Palestine. The Armenian convent on Mt. Zion is said to be the largest building in Jerusalem, with accommodations for eight thousand pilgrims. The Greeks own more property than any other

denomination. I was never out of sight of their convents, churches and school buildings. The Russians own much property and are building rapidly in Jerusalem and other parts of the country.

These churches are all so ignorant of vital Christianity and so hostile to one another that the Turkish soldiers have to guard them in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem to keep them from killing one another. For these and other reasons the influence of Christianity over the Moslems in Palestine has hitherto been a failure.

But praise the Lord the day is breaking! The holiness movement has reached Jerusalem. The American House within the wall and the Bethel without the wall are both occupied by holiness missionaries. Brother and Sister Baldwin and other sanctified people have charge of the American House. It is conducted by faith alone. They receive all who come in the name of the Lord and make no charge. However their beneficiaries and friends are expected to contribute to the support of the house, as the Lord may prosper them.

Brother and Sister Baldwin and their associate workers are wielding a happy influence over both Arabs and Jews. So fast as they get acquainted with them they say "if all the Christians were like the American House, we would be Christians too."

Some wild Bedouins came from Moab to Jerusalem and chanced to come into the American House. They received them so kindly and treated them so courteously that they began to make it their home everytime they came to Jerusalem, eventually they sent over camels and donkeys and carried the inmates of the American house to Moab and entertained them in their tents a fortnight

while they preached Jesus to them. Then they brought them back. In the Bethel established by Pastor Simpson of New York city without the wall of Jerusalem, are Sister Dunn and Sister Brown, a converted Jewess, from America, who are very efficient, preaching the gospel to the Jews, and an Arabess who is eminently useful preaching the gospel to the Arabs. May the Lord multiply these two houses a thousandfold. This is the kind of Christianity to save the superstitious Arabs and the unbelieving Jews.

THE CURE FOR SECTARIANISM.

While Jerusalem is built on four mountains, Moriah, Zion, Acra and Bezetha, yet it is surrounded by mountains higher than those on which it is built. Of these Mt. Olivet east of the city just across the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Kidron is by far the highest of all. From Mt. Olivet we can see every house in Jerusalem distinctly. A beautiful stone church stands on Mt. Olivet at a place where the view of Jerusalem is very conspicuous. This is called "the Church of Jesus Weeping" because at this point He stood and wept over Jerusalem. Farther up the summit is a beautiful church edifice called "the Church of the Lord's Prayer," because here is where the Savior halted and taught his disciples to pray that prayer. Within the church is a large open court surrounded by smooth marble walls on which the Lord's prayer is super-scribed in every language under heaven. This beautiful church edifice is the benefaction of Aurelia De Rossa, a French Princess, whose sepulchre and statue are in the church.

While Mt. Olivet is two hundred feet above the summits of Moriah and Zion in Jerusalem, a stone tower

two hundred feet high stands on its summit. I climbed to the top of the tower and stood on the observatory, two hundred feet above the summit of Mt. Olivet and four hundred feet above Moriah and Zion. From this observatory I enjoyed a conspicuous view of the Dead Sea, thirty miles distant.

The Jordan was in view and the mountains of Moab very conspicuous. Far up north Mt. Herman lifted his snowy summit, Mizpah and Gibeah of Saul in full view. Bethlehem, five miles distant, appears at my feet. Now let me tell you a paradox. Those deep mountain gorges, i. e., Gihon, Hinnom, Jehoshaphat and Kidron seemed to rise up to a level with Jerusalem.

Mountains and valleys all look alike and the surrounding country becomes a plain, the valleys having risen up and the mountains sunk down. My heart said, "this is the cure for sectarianism." Unsanctified members of warring sects see great chasms intervening between them.

We have nothing to do but climb the tower of sanctification and stand on the observatory of full salvation, and the valleys rise up and the mountains sink down and we see all on the level of perfect love. So let me entreat all who are fettered by sectarian prejudice, climb the tower of entire sanctification and look out upon the Christian world and you will find the valleys have risen up and the mountains have sunk down and the King's highway is free for all.

GETHSEMANE, CALVARY, THE SEPULCHRE AND

PENTECOST.

The garden of Gethsemane is closed with a stone wall and devoted to the cultivation of flowers. When I was

there they were in full bloom and very beautiful. It abounds in olive trees. They are very venerable and said to be the veritable trees under which our Savior knelt and prayed. Brother Godbey, do you believe that those trees have lived from the days of Christ till now? 'Tis a common thing for the olive trees to live five hundred years and frequently a thousand years. The olive, like the Palestinean oak, renews itself from the root while it decays and thus perpetuates itself through ages indefinite. So it is with those in Gethsemane. They have renewed themselves from the root repeatedly. This is patent to every beholder. Hence, I've no disposition to call in question the identity of those olive trees.

Calvary, as the Bible says, is outside of Jerusalem. The Greek Testament says it is the place of a skull, i. e., a place in shape of a skull, i. e., a skull-shaped hill. I recognized it from the Bible description and pointed it out before the guide called my attention to it. It is about three hundred yards from the Damascus Gate on the north side of Jerusalem to the summit of Calvary. I saw the old judgment hall of Pilate down in the low ground near the eastern center of the city. I saw the door out of which he lead Jesus when he said: "Behold the man." I saw the stone on which Pilate sat when he judged Him.

It is uphill all the way from Pilate's judgment hall, through the Damascus Gate to the summit of Calvary, a skull, tolerably flat on top. So is this hill. You all know it is claimed that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Mt. Acra within the city wall occupies the spot where our Savior was crucified and buried. Here the Christian world, Greek, Roman, Armenian, Russian and Syrian, have rallied since the third century and hold

daily service, believing that to be the veritable spot where the Savior was crucified and buried and raised. They worship at a marble sepulchre, claiming that it is the true one. You know the Scriptures say it was hewn out of a rock and it was in a garden just down at the base of Calvary. This is evidently the sepulchre in which our Lord was laid. When I was in it I actually felt that it was the place where my Lord was laid. Why this wonderful mistake?

Our Lord knew how they would pollute all of those places with idolatrous worship, so he dropped the veil over their eyes and blinded them to those holy places. Forty years after the crucifixion Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans, and the Jews and Christians (who were Christianized Jews) were driven utterly out of the country. A million died of the sword, pestilence and famine, and a hundred thousand were sold into slavery.

In the seventh century, the Saracens conquered and captured Jerusalem. It has stood seventeen sieges and been destroyed seven times,

The place where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands was never identified till the fourth century and then in a very superstitious way. It is said that St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, had them excavating in the rubbish hunting the cross on which the Savior died. They dug up three old crosses. She brought a sick woman to the spot and laid a cross on her. It had no effect. Another cross was laid on her without effect. When the third cross touched her she leaped to her feet instantly healed. In this way they identified the true cross after three hundred years (when of course it had perished) and the spot where the crucifixion and interment took place.

While at Jerusalem I visited Calvary and the sepulchre frequently and rejoiced in God to see how wonderfully He had kept them from the pollutions of idolatry.

Since Brother Carradine and others saw the sepulchre an English lady has had a nice stone wall built around the garden.

I visited the upper room on Mt. Zion, where the Holy Ghost fell on the praying disciples on the Day of Pentecost. It is far back on the summit which hangs over the deep valley of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. In rebuilding the wall three hundred years ago that part of the city has been left outside. I was deeply impressed with the fact that Gethsemane, Calvary, the sepulchre and Pentecost are all outside of the wall and all free from idolatry. These constitute the great salient facts of the redemption scheme to emblemize the grand focal realities of Christian experience. The walled city typifies the visible church, which in all ages has plunged into idolatry by an attempt to appropriate the plan of salvation and subordinate it to carnal natures.

All the boasted claims of sectarianism with all the pompous pretensions of popery, prelacy and priestcraft are forever swept from the field by simple fact that all the essentials of the world's redemption were wrought outside of the wall of Jerusalem, i. e., outside of the visible church, thus illustrating the glorious reality that salvation is for the world and not a sect or party.

Gethsemane means a radical, complete consecration which turns all over to God for this world and the world to come.

Calvary means entire sanctification by the crucifixion of the man of sin.

The resurrection means a glorious regeneration into

the new life of God, which though received in a measure before sanctification is so encumbered with Adam the first that we don't receive the victory in the fulness till we pass Calvary.

Pentecost is the induement of the Holy Ghost, by whose indwelling presence we have perpetual victory, feed on heavenly manna and have wisdom and grace to co-operate with Christ in the great work of saving the world.

A LAND OF CORN, WINE AND OIL, FLOWING WITH
MILK AND HONEY.

Corn means wheat as there is no Indian Corn in that country. The wheat grows spontaneously everywhere. Close up to the walls of Jerusalem in every nook and corner, I saw splendid wheat. Everywhere along the roads, on the mountains, around crags and precipices, in deep valleys and everywhere I saw wheat. It was harvest time, men, women and children were out with their sickles reaping, tying it up in bundles and laying it on the back of the camel and donkey, which carry it to the threshing floor, where it is trodden by cattle, buffaloes and donkeys as in the patriarchal ages. Wheat seems as indigenous in that country as sedge-grass in America. This day it is significantly a land of corn. How wonderfully the virgin soil poured out the corn in boundless exuberance. They always had an ample supply of oil, corn and wine. This country is pre-eminently adapted to the vine. It flourishes everywhere. Down at Joppa I saw it growing luxuriously on the sands of the Mediterranean where I could not see a particle of soil. However it would soon develop soil. It grows thriftily among the rocks to the very top of the mountains. I never saw

a spot or blemish on one of them, so perfect is the climatal adaptation. The grapes are wonderfully sweet and delicious, producing the finest qualities of wine. Sister Murray, a sanctified missionary of Hebron, told me that she made five distinct edibles, all of which are exceedingly delicious and nutritious. Under good government this whole country would be wrapped in vines as in the prophetical ages, while the wines exported would be a vast source of income. In the days of the virgin soil surely this was a land of wine and oil. This means olive oil. The olive in Palestine is indigenous as the oak in America. They constitute the forests of this country. It takes about ten years for the olive to become fruit-bearing. It lives about five hundred years. I suppose it is the most useful tree in the world. Its wood is exceedingly valuable for all kinds of furniture. Its fruit is easily kept the year round. It is oily and very nutritious, so that it is eaten with bread instead of meat. The olive oil is lard, butter, light and all sorts of lubrication. The olive tree thrives among rocks and cliffs and can be cultivated to the very summits of the mountains. All the waste lands of Palestine would be covered with olives and vines if the people only had the encouragement of free government. This awful Turkish despotism taxes everything great and small. Every tree is taxed whether it bears fruit or not. As the olive tree don't bear fruit until it is ten years old, great is the discouragement in the cultivation of that valuable tree. So this is still a land of oil, and under proper encouragement, would export vast ship-loads of olive oil into other countries and thus bring in an immense revenue. "Flowing with milk." I used to think this was cows' milk, but since I came here I've found out my mistake. I now think it meant goats'

milk. There are but few cattle in this country, but goats abound in great numbers everywhere. Cows' milk is almost unknown, but the whole country is supplied with an abundance of goats' milk. The common people almost live on goats' milk, bread and olives. We see the dairy-man driving his goats about, over the city, stopping at every woman's door and milking enough to supply the house, so it is still true that this land flows with milk. "Flowing with honey." This whole country rests on a bed of limestone. It is very soft and easily disintegrated into lime. Great quantities of pure lime are found in powder in the earth, here and there taken out and used. The lime in the earth is an inexhaustible supply of fertility. Hence the soil is comparatively unimpoverishable. I have seen neither clay nor sand; dig down deep as you will and this limy earth is fertile and productive. Though this country has been barbarized, pauperized and beggarized by 'Turkish despotism; it is yet one of the richest countries on the globe. With the encouragement of a good government how it would leap into prosperity! When this whole country was covered with wheat, vines, olives, figs, bananas, pomegranates and infinite variety of tropical fruits and vegetables the bee-range was illimitable and their food inexhaustible, while the rocks on all the hills afforded ample hiving in the days of pristine prosperity. O, how the honey flowed down from the rocky hives as this was truly a land of honey and is yet for I ate it all the time I was in Palestine, and in the good time coming it will again flow with honey.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED.—SONGS OF SOLOMON, 4;12.

David in his warrior attitude emblemizes the humiliated Christ; but Solomon in his royal glory emblemizes

the glorified Christ. In that capacity he covers the Church, his amiable bride, with loving benedictions. In the Songs of Solomon he seems to exhaust all lingual vocabularies to find epithets sufficiently loving to describe his bride, the Church of the living God. Among his loving appellations we find he calls her "a fountain sealed." While we are visiting the pools of Solomon, ten miles south of Jerusalem, (there are three of these pools about three hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and forty feet deep, encompassed by nice stone walls cemented). Solomon made them to supply Jerusalem with water. The guide said, "Don't you want to see Solomon's Sealed Fountain?" I responded in the affirmative. He led us to a small cliff two hundred yards above the uppermost pool, stopped and called. A man came with a key and unlocked the door in the cliff. We descended about twenty feet, down a stone stairway, into a large subterranean room where a beautiful limpid flowing fountain went singing on its way down to the pools. A stone tank was then filled with water for bathing. We drank of the water; it was clear, cold, delicious and oh, how refreshing, as it was the first flowing fountain I had seen in Palestine. As Jerusalem is above the water line, there are no springs in or about the city. The nearest is the Apostles' Fountain, along the road to the Jordan, ten miles from Jerusalem. As it is the only water on that road of thirty miles, it is alleged that Jesus and his apostles always stopped there, rested and drank water, hence the name. Solomon kept his Sealed Fountain under lock and key, accessible to none without his permission. Now reader are you this Sealed Fountain? It is your glorious privilege such to be. All who belong to the bridehood of Christ are identified with this Sealed

Fountain. This pure, limpid water as an element of life, emblemizes regeneration. As an element of purity it emblemizes entire sanctification. Hence, if you would be Solomon's Sealed Fountain, i. e., the bride of Christ, you must be regenerated and sanctified. In that case you have turned the key of your heart over to Jesus, so he keeps Satan and all the world locked out.

THE IMMERSION PROBLEM.

Reared in the Methodist Church, my father a Methodist preacher, I never had any creed on modes and forms. But the water controversy was so high in Kentucky and the Popish dogma of baptismal regeneration had so many advocates I thought to put an end to all controversy by receiving baptism both by affusion and immersion. I don't think I had any prejudices when I went to the Holy Land.

Were the three thousand immersed on the Day of Pentecost? That took place in June. I was at Jerusalem in May and June. I am frank to confess I see not the slightest vestige of plausibility for the conclusion of immersion. The case is simply demonstrative against it. There is no public water nearer than the pools of Solomon, ten miles distant. We know they did not go thither for immersion, because the baptism took place in connection with the morning service, the afternoon meeting at three o'clock, Acts 3;1. You see a walk of twenty miles and the immersion of three thousand in the pools of Solomon in that time was an impossibility. The facts are overwhelmingly demonstrative that they were baptized by simple affusion there on Mt. Zion where the

Spirit fell on them in convicting, converting and sanctifying power.

When in Jerusalem if I wanted a drink of water I had to buy it, as there was no public well or fountain to which I could go. Jerusalem is five thousand feet above the Mediterranean, too high for wells or springs, hence it is dependent entirely upon the rain water, diligently carried from the stone roofs of their houses down into stone tanks and cisterns in their cellars and carefully kept for use. Almost every year the poor people and domestic animals suffer for water to drink. Rain never falls in the summer. While there is no public water nearer Jerusalem than the pools of Solomon, it would be utterly impossible to purchase water enough in June to immerse the three thousand, for the people would not sell it. I have often heard preachers who had never been in five thousand miles of Jerusalem discourse fluently on the abundance of water in the pools of Gihon, Siloam and Bethesda for the immersion of the three thousand. The pools of Gihon are dry the year round except when it rains, which is only in the winter. When I was there they were actually using the lower pool of Gihon as a market-place in which to sell donkeys, camels and other live stock. There was no sign of water in either of those pools. I entered the pool of Siloam, down a stone stairway about twenty feet, and found very little water in it, no chance for immersion, for all the water it contains is needed in the village of Siloam, which is just across the valley of Jehoshaphat and opposite the pool, which is at the base of Mt. Zion. I entered the pool of Bethesda and found it just about like that of Siloam; no chance for an immersion. Even if a supply of water in these pools were sufficient for immersion the privilege would

not be granted, as they are needed for drinking and culinary purposes. I do think a visit to Jerusalem in summer would satisfy the most enthusiastic immersionist, that he was mistaken in reference to the three thousand on the day of Pentecost and the five thousand within the next three days. I rejoice to say the day is breaking on the water famines which have been the terror of Jerusalem in all ages. Along the road to Hebron, fifteen miles from the city, a subterranean river has recently been discovered, flowing down and wasting its reviving floods in the Dead Sea. The day I went to Hebron, parties were out from Jerusalem for diagnosis. It has been ascertained that the bed of this stream is higher than Jerusalem. Hence, the feasibility of carrying it through an aqueduct right into Jerusalem. Oh, what a blessing to that city so frequently scourged by water famines. An English Baroness has already proposed to furnish all the money necessary to build the aqueduct. The Turkish tyrants who ruled this country are so jealous of other nations that they have not yet given their consent to this noble woman to build the aqueduct; but they responded to her: "Give us the money and we will build it." Of course she will not give them the money, as there would be no certainty that they would use it in that way. Mr. Wallace, the American Consul, told me the popular clamor for the enterprise was so great that he was satisfied the Turkish government would soon acquiesce and give their consent to the Princess to proceed with the aqueduct. God speed the enterprise!

Did not John the Baptist immerse the Saviour and others in the Jordan? I think not. The identity of the word used in both cases would argue the identity of affusion. If they sprinkled at Pentecost as they most

assuredly did, then they did the same at the Jordan.

Did you not find plenty of water at the Jordan? O, yes! All the poetry you ever heard about Jordan's swelling floods is true. I think the Jordan carries as much water as the Ohio. It flows so very rapidly. It is hard to compare him with another river.

The Dead Sea is ten thousand feet below Jerusalem and five thousand feet below the Mediterranean. Hence, the Jordan flows like Niagara approaching the falls, always very muddy, because his bed is all black mud which impetuosity constantly stirs up. I was there in June when the river was within the first bank and comparatively small. The water was so muddy I could not see an inch beneath the surface. I took a fishing pole, walked along the bank and dropped it in wherever I could reach the bank for the brambles, which are so dense as to harbor lions and other wild animals. I found the water everywhere over my head. The guide said it was twenty feet deep out in the bed of the river. It was utterly past fording and the guide said it could only be forded about two months in the year, and then with difficulty and danger. When Israel crossed, it spread away out to the second bank, about a mile wide, flowing with that awful impetuosity. It was frightful in the extreme. I had read much about Jordan's swelling floods and stormy billows. I am a witness, it is all true. I found no place where a person could go in without sudden offset into water deep and swift. Do not people now frequently immerse in the Jordan? Not for baptism, but for bathing. The guide called my attention to a platform extending over the edge of the water. He said it was built by the Russians, who resort thither in great numbers, go out on that platform and step off into the river,

assisted by their friends in boats to keep them from drowning. They do immerse in the Jordan, but do not consider it the ordinance of baptism, as they have all been baptized by affusion in their infancy. They receive it as a sanctifying affusion, believing the waters of the Jordan to have been sanctified by the body of Jesus. Do you believe John the Baptist immersed in the Jordan? I do not. The Greek Testament does not say that he was in the stream, but at it. It does not say the Saviour came up out of the water, but from the water, only implying that he was at it. I never before saw a river so unsuitable for immersion as the Jordan. 1. It is deep, with sudden offsets and difficult of entrance. 2. It is so muddy you can't see an inch below the surface and the bottom is all covered with deep black mud. 3. It is so very swift and the current so strong it is very dangerous. 4. The physical labor of immersing the multitudes in such a river was too much for John the Baptist or any other man. 5. The mission of John was that of preaching the glorious gospel of his Incarnate Lord, and not the physical labor of handling the people in that flooded river. (Remember the Jordan is always flooded). 6. John was a Jewish priest. (The last of the dispensation and the beginning of the gospel ministry and intermediate between the two). 7. The Jewish priests had baptized by affusion from the days of Moses, Heb. 9; 10, 13, 19. In verse 10, divers washings in Greek is divers baptisms. Verse 13 says they were performed by sprinkling and verse 19 says Moses sprinkled all of the people at the tabernacle door upon the ratification of the Sinaic Covenant. 8. The same word is employed by the Holy Ghost to reveal what John the Baptist did at the Jordan. Therefore amid the mighty revival impetus which attended his

preaching, I candidly believe he dipped the hyssop into the flowing water and sprinkled the penitent people who solemnly consecrated themselves to the coming Christ. As Moses sprinkled many with a single sweep of the hyssop, so doubtless John baptized the multitude in a wholesale manner. But of course he made a specialty of the Savior, and poured the limpid rill upon His head, after the manner of anointing the high priest, and in this way "fulfilled all righteousness," Matt. 3; 15. As Jesus is high priest and John was His introducer, it behooved him to anoint Him, and thus inaugurate Him into His official Messiahship. The oil was poured on the head of the high priest. I have written on this subject in the candor of my heart. Now go along and satisfy your conscience. You must pass the water line if you ever get to Heaven. If Satan is troubling you about water, perhaps the quickest way to get rid of him is to take all of the water you want. So long as the horse wants water, it is hard to get him to pass the creek and climb the mountain. You must climb the mountain of entire sanctification, if you ever get to Heaven. So long as your religion is watery, it will not stand the fires of the judgment. You must pass, beyond materiality in every form and phase, water, wood, stone silver and gold into the pure spirituality of holiness to the Lord, experimental and practical if you ever get to Heaven. I always cheerfully immersed all of my people who desired baptism in that way and would advise all other preachers to do likewise. Do not trouble people in so small a matter as the mere form of water baptism, though more than ever convinced that the Judiac, Johanic and Apostolic baptism were all simple affusions.

TURKDOM AND ITS DOOM.

The poor, toiling Turk in Turkey is said to be a noble, honest, generous fellow. The Turkish Pashas who rule in Palestine are a different race of people. They are a race of nabobs, having descended from the feudal lords of the middle ages. They are professional rulers and make their living by ruling over the people. They are notorious for their tyranny, oppression and rascality, not alone in their rulership of other nations, but in their own country. The common Turk is not in Palestine, but these Pashas, though only one-sixteenth of the population, rule the other fifteen-sixteenths with a rod of iron. Three-fourths of the Palestineans are Arabs, one-eighth Jews, one-sixteenth Turks and one-sixteenth Europeans. Such is the tyranny and oppression of the government that industry, enterprise and progress are discouraged, and a country with the finest soil and climate on which the sun looks down, has for ages been held in the paralysis of barbarism, ignorance and superstition. While every little thing the people raise to live on is enormously taxed these Turks purchase the privilege of collecting the tax and then take several times the amount due them, and the poor laborer can't help himself. If he resists he is arrested and imprisoned. E. g., when the farmer has threshed his wheat he is not allowed to touch it, but must leave it in the pile till the government officer comes and takes out his part for tax. And though law says one-tenth he often takes half. Then the owner of the land must come and take out his rent, and by the time the tax and the rent go out there is not much left for the poor laborer.

While Palestine is unsurpassed in all the world as a fruit-growing country this intolerable oppression is an

awful discouragement to the cultivation of trees, because they tax the trees before they are old enough to bear fruit as well as afterward. How long, O Lord, shall this land, signally favored of heaven, groan and sigh by reason of the oppressor? What are the signs of deliverance? They are many. All nationalities in Jerusalem and Palestine are looking for the fall of Turkdom. The concurrent testimony of all the prophecies warrant the conclusion that the time is at hand. The Turks themselves believe it and are suspicious of everything. The Arabs all believe it.. All other nations are expecting it.

A venerable oak stands in Jerusalem outside the wall. It is banded with iron and propped to keep it from falling. It is a trite maxim among the Turks and Arabs that their government will fall when that tree falls. When I was in the mosque on the site of Solomon's Temple the guide showed me a rock in the floor with three brass nailheads and a fourth partially gone. The Moslems say there were nineteen originally and fifteen have disappeared and a sixteenth disappearing and when they all disappear the Moslem power will have an end.

When exploring on Mt. Moriah the guide called my attention to the Beautiful gate of the temple. At that place the wall of the temple is also the wall of the city into the temple ground. As the Mohammedans bury on Mt. Moriah they have buried right into the wall and I saw old tombs looking like they had been there several centuries close up to the Beautiful gate. The guide told me the Beautiful gate had never been opened since the Moslem power came into Jerusalem. That it had been predicted by the seers of Islamism that whenever this Beautiful gate is opened the Moslem power falls.

I visited the meeting of the Jews on Friday evening.

I saw them reading God's promises in their old Hebrew Bibles; to hear their cries and deliver them. They knelt on the stone pavement, kissed the memorable stones which Solomon put in the temple, and, O, how they wept and wailed. The scene was more than I could bear. I broke down and gave them all the money I had with me and left, feeling deeply impressed that God will hear these cries and deliver them. God has never failed to hear the cries of his people. See how wonderfully he delivered them in the days of Esther and Ahasuerus.

Mr. Wallace, the American Consul at Jerusalem, told me he was in daily expectation of the fall of the Turkish power in Palestine. What will take its place? The French are building and becoming very influential at Jerusalem. They want the government. The change from Mohammedan Turkey to Christian France would certainly be for the better. Russia is building great edifices not only at Jerusalem but throughout Palestine. They belong to the Greek Church, which is the strongest, most influential and, I think, the best of the old churches in that country. Russia is very anxious for Palestine. That would certainly be a change for the better. The supersedance of Mohammedanism by Christianity will certainly work a glorious era for this country. Twelve hundred and sixty years has the patrimony of our Savior been trodden down by the Gentiles (Moslems). The prophecies require and the signs of the times indicate deliverance nigh.

Baron Rothschild, of the British government, holds a mortgage on Palestine which bankrupt Turkey will never be able to redeem. Who knows how soon he will close his mortgage and take Palestine. Turkey owes Great Britain vast money she can never pay. Why not Britain

and Rothschild take Palestine for debt? If France gets it, we exchange Mohammedanism for Roman Christianity. If Russia gets it, we exchange the Moslem superstitions for Greek Christianity. If England gets it, we exchange the Moslems for Protestant Christianity. Of course I hope England will get it. If so she will restore the Jews and encourage all possible efforts for their conversion. The Turks have held this country through the conservatism of the Arabs, because of the identity of their religion. But since England governed Egypt and the Arabs in that country are much pleased with her liberal good government and toleration of all religions, the Arabs of Palestine are beginning to wake up to the fact that they may have a change of government without changing their religion. Such is the intolerable oppression of their Turkish masters that they are ripe for revolution, and sighing for a change, come whence it may. My Arab guide who has been a dragoman ten years, traveled over all Palestine and acquainted with all the people, told me that Arabs would not fight to sustain the Turkish government, but if necessary would fight to unthroned it. While all nationalities are looking out for the fall of the Turkish power in Palestine, I found a prevailing impression not only among Christians but among Arabs and Jews that Christ will return back to Mt. Olivet whence he ascended and take the government into his hands and establish his glorious millennial kingdom. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus. Rev. 22; 20.

GREECE.

Noah divided his estate, the post-diluvian world, among his sons, giving to Ham Africa, to Shem Asia and to Japheth Europe. America became populated by the

children of Shem, doubtless having crossed the Behrings Strait from Asia.

Primitive Grecian history goes back to Javan, i. e., Japheth, as the ancestor of their race. Many traces of Bible history are found in the early Greek mythology. E. g., after the flood, Deucalion and Pirrha, the only survivors, were so lonesome they consulted an oracle, which told them to go out on a stony plain, turn their faces toward the north and throw rocks over their heads behind them and not look back. They throw for a time and hear a great clamor, looked back and behold every stone thrown by Deucalion has turned into a man and every one thrown by Pirrha has turned into a woman. Thus they account for the rapid population of the post-diluvian world and the awful relapse into the wickedness which brought destruction on the ante-diluvians.

When Japheth, the youngest son, went to Europe, his patrimony, he settled in Greece. Therefore, Greece became the cradle of European nations, and from them emigrants went into all parts of Europe. In the most ancient times the Greeks made great proficiency in the arts and sciences. In poetry, oratory, philosophy and the fine arts they excelled all nations. They became the bravest warriors in the whole world and immortalized themselves by their heroic achievements. Nebuchadnezzar conquered all nations except the Greeks and sat upon the universal throne of Babylon. Cyrus, the Medo-Persian, conquered Babylon and transferred the world's capitol to Persepolis. Xerxes, the haughty Persian monarch, rendezvoused an army of two million five hundred thousand and the largest fleet of war-ships the world had ever seen, and set out to subjugate the Greeks. His vast and formidable fleet attacked the little Grecian

fleet in the Bay of Salamis at the city of Athens. He had his throne set on one of the mountains of Parnassus that he might see the victory. But, to his unutterable surprise, he saw his own splendid fleets boarded, defeated captured and sunk by the Greeks, and himself forced to flee for his life. Meanwhile, Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, is holding the pass of Thermopole against a million Persians. Afterward, the final engagement comes on at Marathon twenty miles east of Athens. The Greeks are everywhere victorious and Xerxes with his two million five-hundred thousand is everywhere defeated and forced to flee for life. One hundred and eighty years afterward, the Greeks under the leadership of Alexander the Great not only invade and conquer the Persian Empire but the whole world, and Alexander wept that there was not another world to conquer. In this universal conquest, the Greeks established their beautiful language in all the courts throughout the world, which was a very important preparation for the universal propagation of the gospel, as that wonderful language was selected as the vehicle of its glorious truths. The ancient Greeks still stand at the head of all departments of the literary world. Homer is still the prince of poets. Demosthenes the champion orator, and Socrates the wisest philosopher the world ever saw. All ages have studied at the feet of these and other champions of Grecian lore, but none have ever equaled these master spirits. Such was the respect of the Romans for these masters of science and art that they spared the Greeks while rolling a tide of conquest over all other nations. Eventually Numeneus an illiterate man, became consul. He made Greece a Roman province.

During the dark ages Greece with all other countries,

was desolated and spoliated. Eventually, it fell a prey to the Turkish Pashas who reduced the Greeks to a state of vassalage, and ruled them with a rod of iron. After a long and bloody war they conquered the Turks, drove them out of their country and gained their independence in 1827. At that time Athens their ancient Capitol had a population of only seven thousand. Now it has a hundred and fifteen thousand. Since the achievement of this independence, Greece has everywhere leaped into new life.

ATHENS.

The name means Minerva, the Goddess of literature, to whom Athens and the Greeks were especially devoted. The city was founded soon after the flood and has been the cradle of the Greek nations of all nations and the patron of the arts and sciences. Like all ancient cities its location was determined by a great natural fortification called the Acropolis. It is a precipitous mountain, rising suddenly out of the plain about two hundred feet. This mountain was thus fortified and transformed into an impregnable citadel. They literally crowded its summit with magnificent temples and shrines to their gods and heroes. The largest and most conspicuous temple on the Acropolis is that of Minerva, for whom the city is named. It is three hundred feet long and one hundred and twenty feet wide and surrounded by porticoes supported by 42 marble columns. The temple is all built of pentelican marble. The temples of Hercules, Pericles and Victory also stand on the Acropolis. Across a small valley from the Acropolis is the Areopagus of Mars Hill where Paul preached to Athenian philosophers. The English Scripture on that occasion erroneously has Paul say, "I perceive in all things that you are too superstitious." It

should read "very religious." It is a euphemism and not a castigation. Paul proceeds to call their attention to the shrine which they had erected "to the unknown god." Though they did not know Him and worshiped Him ignorantly, Paul knew Him and worshiped Him intelligently; and with this courteous introductory proceeds to preach to them this unknown God. I saw the ruin of the Church of Dionysius who was converted by Paul's preaching. When we stand on the Acropolis or Mars' Hill we enjoy a conspicuous view of the whole city and surrounding country. On the south is Mt. Hymettus so celebrated for its honey. On the east is Mt. Pentelicus the great marble quarry whence all the marble used in Athens has been transported. On the north is Mt. Parnassus on whose highest summit sparkles the Pierian Fountain, whose waters impart the true genius of poetry, oratory, philosophy and the fine arts.

Homer, Hæsioid, Pindar, Sappho and many others climbed this mountain, drank from the Pierian Fountain and dazzled the world with the brilliancy of their genius. Nestling close to the city on the north are the Hills of the Muses, the Pnyx and the Nymphs. On the Hill of the Muses dwelt the immortal nine, who came to the relief of toiling aspirants after the genius of poetry, oratory, philosophy and fine arts. I entered the prison of Socrates in this hill hewn out of a rock twelve feet high. Here the world's greatest philosopher was imprisoned for testifying to experimental religion. Though he and his pupil Plato lived five hundred years before Christ and had never seen a Bible, they taught a philosophy so pure and sublime as to nearly approximate Christianity. When Socrates was teaching his pupils on the streets of Athens, a physiognomist came along. His pupils appealed to the

physiognomist to try his skill on their master. He looked him in the face and said, "He is the most gluttonous, drunken and libidinous old man I ever saw." His disciples were disposed to resent the insult offered to their master, but Socrates interjected, "Hold on, my children, this man is right. I was just as he has described, till this sublime philosophy which I have been teaching you, enabled me to suppress my evil predilections." Here was a heathen philosopher, guided only by the light of nature, far in advance of some people's religion. While in the prison, where he ended his days, he blessed the weeping executioner, who pursuant to the sentence of the court, administered to him the fatal hemlock, saying; "Weep not for Socrates, he will not be here, he is going up to dwell with the God for whose testimony he lays down his life." On the Hill of the Pynx I saw the famous place whence Demosthenes harangued the Athenian multitude, pouring on them an eloquence inimitable and paradoxical to all subsequent generations. Contiguous to this is the Hill of the Nymphs, those mysterious little divinities who were ever ready to lend a helping hand to mortals toiling in the diversified conflicts of life. A beautiful astronomical observatory has been built on this hill. Just down at the foot of this hill is the temple of Theseus surrounded by marble columns, in a perfect state of preservation though it has been standing twenty-five hundred years. At the base of the Acropolis on the west, is the Odonian Theatre, devoted to music and poetical recitations. It is about twenty-five hundred years old. About two hundred yards south is the Theatre of Bacchus, with a marble arena and marble pews, seating about one thousand persons. Both of these are amphitheatres. The statuary in the Theatre of Bacchus ex-

hibits men in a state of intoxication as the comedians in this Theatre were merry with intoxicants. On a beautiful campus about three hundred yards south of the Acropolis is the temple of Jupiter. It was supported by a hundred and twenty marble columns, eight feet in diameter and seventy feet high. It was three hundred and fifty feet long, a hundred and fifty wide and seventy feet high. These marble columns of which only sixteen are yet standing are most elegant and beautiful. The exterior being chiseled into semi-cylinders. This whole campus was literally filled with shrines and statues of their gods and heroes; which have been carried away and destroyed during the dark ages. This temple of Jupiter, in its day, was inferior only to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. I visited the ancient stadium where the Olympic games were celebrated quadrennially, which the Apostle Paul so frequently refers to in his Corinthian Epistles. The stadium is five hundred feet long, and a hundred and fifty feet wide. It is surrounded on three sides by an earthen ampitheater competent to seat one hundred thousand spectators. In the olden time, it was furnished with marble pews. These have all been carried away during the ages of desolation and spoliation. They are now pushing the work, preparing marble pews to supply it again as next April they aim to re-open the Olympic games, after an interregnum of fifteen hundred years. Athletes in all parts of the world, are now preparing to go to Athens and contend for the prizes in those olympic games.

CORINTH.

This celebrated metropolis stood near the Isthmus of Corinth, between the Gulf of Egma and Lepants, seventy-

five miles west of Athens. After the Greeks conquered the Turks and regained their independence in 1827, Corinth, which had been spoliated and desolated during the dark ages, would have been rebuilt on the old site as Athens was, but the railroad missed it three miles. Consequently, New Corinth, a growing city of two thousand inhabitants, is located on the railroad, three miles from the old site. Corinth, like Athens and Jerusalem, was located by a great natural fortification, called the Acro-Corinthus, i. e., the citadel of Corinth. It is very conspicuous and seen from a great distance. Much of the fortifications on it still survive.

Though the city was great, beautiful, magnificent and wealthy, hardly a vestige of its ancient splendor is to be seen. About fifty rude tenements still cluster at the base of the citadel with a population of two or three hundred peasants. With this small exception the site of magnificent old Corinth was devoted to the growing of wheat when I saw it.

ITHICA.

We sailed by the Island of Ithaca in the Adriatic Sea near the coast of Greece. Three thousand years ago this island constituted the kingdom of Ulysses and Penelope. Homer, in the immortal Iliad of twenty-four books on the Trojan war, describes Ulysses, wonderfully brave, eloquent, crafty and inventive. After the Greeks had fought ten years under the walls of Troy, finding them utterly impregnable were on the eve of desperation, ready to raise the siege and go home. They finally succeeded in the capture and destruction of the city by the wonderful stratagem of the wooden horse invented by Ulysses. It was a huge monster made of wood in the shape of a

horse, which they filled up with the bravest heroes of the Grecian army and of course including Ulysses himself. Then they feigned to raise the siege and embarked on the sea for their native land. However, they hid themselves in a woody island within signal distance. Then Sinon played the deserter to the Trojans, told them how the Greeks had given up in despair and gone and he, having incurred the displeasure of some of the chiefs, had remained in Asia. In their astonishment at the great wooden horse they asked him what it was. He told them it was an offering to the goddess Minerva, whose displeasure the Greeks had incurred by besieging her favorite city. Of course the Trojans were grateful to Minerva for their wonderful deliverance. Therefore, they took down the walls of the city (as it was too large to go through the gates), put rollers under it and with great difficulty brought the wooden horse into the city. At that moment Sinon opened the pine doors; Ulysses and the other Grecian heroes, clothed in shining panoply, came out of the wooden horse, gave the signal to the Grecian army hidden in the woody island, set the city on fire and began the work of death in good earnest. On that awful night the ancient kingdom of Priam fell to rise no more. Now that the war is over, the Greeks embark in their ships for their native lands, anxious to get home, as they had been absent ten years. A storm sweeps down on the Ægean Sea, separating the ships of Ulysses and his men from all the rest, driving him upon unknown seas and wrecking his ships on unknown islands, where he passed through wonderful adventures in the island of the goddess Calipso and with the giants Cyclopes, who forged thunderbolts of Jupiter in the fiery craters of Mt. Etna. Thus Ulysses wandered ten years

more over the stormy deep whose thrilling adventures are related by Homer, called the Odessey, which is the Greek name for Ulysses. So Ulysses was absent from his kingdom ten years at the siege of Troy and ten years wandering over the seas; total absence twenty years. When the Greeks returned from the siege of Troy they reported that Ulysses was dead, his ship having been sunk in the sea. Immediately a number of young princes from the different states of Greece put in their appearance at the royal palace of Ithaca as suitors of Queen Penelope, assuring her that her royal husband was dead and she was a widow and no reason she should not become the wife of another man. Though Penelope had not heard a word from Ulysses, hope brightened into faith and she stoutly argued with them that her husband was alive and she was looking for him home. Years rolled away and the suitors no longer paid her transient visits, but stayed all the time, devouring the substance of the kingdom and almost tormenting the life out of the queen. Eventually they seemed to outtalk her, so she resorted to a stratagem to postpone her answer. She was weaving a great robe for a burial shroud for Laertes, her father-in-law, the superannuated king of Ithaca, who would certainly soon die, and when completed that work she would give her decision, and receive the hand of one of them in wedlock. (In that early day the art of weaving was rare, highly esteemed and deemed especially honorable to the wives and daughters of kings.) Meanwhile she was afraid to discard them, lest they make war on her kingdom. The job ran on so long, they became suspicious. Therefore they watched and found that she raveled out at night as much as she made during the day, so as to prolong the job indefinitely. Matters are assuming a critical at-

titude. They are on hand day and night eating up the substance of the kingdom and teasing Penelope incessantly to enter into matrimony, assuring her that Ulysses is dead. Ten years have rolled away since the destruction of Troy and the return of the Greeks. Suddenly Ulysses comes home in the disguise of a ragged beggar as he had heard of the suitors. None recognized him but Penelope, who understood the stratagem, and governed herself accordingly. The old dog, which had not seen him for twenty years recognized his master and fell dead on the spot, overjoyed. The suitors have not the slightest suspicion of the beggar, but push their suit night and day. Ulysses sees to his sorrow that he has them to kill, before he can ever enjoy the peaceable possession of his kingdom.

Therefore he provokes a controversy with them, brings a fight, slays them all, proclaims himself Ulysses, the king of Ithaca and takes possession of his kingdom. Now dear reader, if you are not in the enjoyment of sanctifying grace, I trow like Penelope you will be besieged with many lovers from this world, i. e., the love of money, the love of honor, the love of power, the lusts of the flesh the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Like Penelope's suitors they torment you night and day, and tell you your lover will never return. If unfortunately you should give your hand in wedlock to any one of these gay coxcombers, you are ruined forever. Now be steadfast, your Ulysses will come, and, though your suitors will misapprehend him for an odious beggar, he will rise up in his omnipotence, slay them all, enter into holy wedlock with you, his beloved, and pour on your life a flood of sunshine.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The Adriatic Sea lying between Greece and Italy as a noted storm center has been the terror of mariners in all ages. That terrible Euroclydon which tossed the Apostle Paul fourteen days and nights and wrecked him on the Island of Miletus (Malta), Acts 28, came out of the Adriatic Sea. While sailing on the Mediterranean, confronted by a powerful wind, an old sailor said to me: "This wind is from the Adriatic; it is an awful sea; the storms pour out of it like a funnel." In the midst of this sea on a lonely rock, rising precipitously a hundred feet above the water, stands the lighthouse. The keeper is furnished with light and oil and required by the government to keep his lamps trimmed, and brightly burning, when night or a storm throws its dark mantle over the deep. He is also furnished with a horn to blow, and a cannon to fire, when the fog is so dense as to obscure his light.

Now reader, this world is a stormy sea with fifteen hundred millions of people sailing on it, in constant danger of shipwreck. The whirlpools of destruction lurk beneath the dark waters of each globe-encircling ocean. God wants you to keep a lighthouse. Now be sure you keep your lamps of Christian profession trimmed and brightly burning. But remember you are surrounded by blind people, who can't see your light; so give them a chance to hear your testimony. When the fog is so dense that you can't see your hand before you, blow that horn with all your might and shout aloud. Remember the ram's horn and the shout of faith, before any signs of victory came in sight, knocked down the walls of Jericho. And they are down yet. I saw them, a heap of ruin. God knocked them down in answer to the

shout of faith and they are down to stay. When Satan projects his black wing over you and eclipses every ray from the Sun of Righteousness then you are to go on shouting and blow the fog horn and fire off your cannon. Don't be stingy of ammunition. Put in plenty of powder it does n't cost you anything. The government will freely furnish you all you can use.

ITALY.

I landed at Brindisi on the east coast and traveled by rail about a thousand miles in that country. Brindisi is a growing maritime city surrounded on the landward side by the Apulian plain, much celebrated by the poets for the fertility of its soil and the geniality of its climate. We ran through it about one hundred miles, surrounded on all sides by wheat, oats, olives, figs, apricots, oranges, lemons and an endless diversity of tropical fruits and vegetables. Though the soil has been cultivated constantly three thousand years it seems to possess inexhaustible fertility. We passed out of that plain into a branch of the Apennine Mountains. I have traveled through the Rockies, Alleghanies and many other mountains, but for grandeur and sublimity, I must confess these surpass all I ever saw. The road is splendid and the train moved rapidly through towering summits, craggy steeps, frightful precipices, yawning chasms, beautiful cascades and thundering cataracts. I do believe we ran through fifty tunnels in a hundred miles. We now come again to the sea and run through river valleys surrounded by beautiful green mountains covered with vineyards and olive groves to their summit, which was crowned with a huge feudal castle, the significant memento of that chivalry and knight-errantry which filled the

middle ages with poetry and romance. The river valleys presented the aspect of a continuous garden in a perfect state of cultivation. Stone walls everywhere to retain the soil. I saw the ground covered with olive trees, under them the grape vines running everywhere on balconies. And under them the ground all occupied by potatoes, beans and a variety of small vegetables, and every crop seemed to flourish as if it possessed the ground alone.

Behold, volumes of smoke rise in the air. It is old Vesuvius. A man by my side says: "He has for a few days been unusually active sending vast volumes of smoke by day and cones of fire by night." O, how grand the gardens all round me. Volcanic soil is very rich. Millions of dollars' worth of vegetables grow in the ashes of Vesuvius.

POMPEII, HERCULANEUM AND NAPLES.

Pompeii and Herculaneum were prospering, cultivating the ashes of Versuvius, when he suddenly buried them alive eighteen hundred years ago. People ploughed the ground and built their houses over them till recently they were discovered. Many of them have been exhumed and exhibited all the careless precipitation and rush which now characterizes their neighbors. I hired a cab and rode around Naples. It is a magnificent city of five hundred thousand. It is very prosperous and seems actually defiant of this hoary monster. By his muttering thunders he tells her the fate of her predecessors. She heeds not the warning, but grows rich cultivating the ashes and cinders he has thrown out to warn her to retreat from his presence and no longer insult his royal majesty. Yet she heeds neither the doom of her predecessors nor the smoke and fire ejected from his insatiable mouth. Like

the people of Jerusalem those of Naples have become hardened till they seem utterly blind to their danger. We all wonder at the scene. Yet our case is parallel. This world is a volcano with four hundred craters. The whole interior of the earth is a vast volcano, like Vesuvius, liable any moment to explode and bury us all in fiery graves like Pompeii and Herculaneum. God help us all to wake and be ready.

ROME AND THE TIBER.

Twenty-six hundred and forty-seven years ago, two infant boys Romulus and Remus, were exposed on the bank of the Tiber to die. A wolf found them, suckled and cared for them as her own progeny. This history is perpetuated by keeping wolves on the identical spot where tradition locates this transaction. I saw them. The boys became shepherds. Then adventurers joined them. The band swells into a tribe and the tribe into a nation. They capture the Sabine women for wives, which results in the addition of the Sabines to the Romans. Seven hundred years of blood and conquest roll away. The Roman has conquered the world. His crown radiates the rays of an unsetting sun. His sceptre sweeps the circumference of the globe and all the world are Romans. I saw the place on the Tiber where Horatius bravely stood and held at bay twenty thousand Gauls, till his comrades broke down the bridge. Then amid showers of arrows, leaping into the river he swam to his own side. The annual overflow of the Tiber and consequent malaria has recently been prevented by a wall built by the city at great cost. Rome is the only city on the globe which ever succeeded in giving a name to all the people in the world. There was a time when the whole world was called Roman and all were amenable to Roman

laws. Hence Rome has been by far the most influential city on the globe. She conquered the world and ruled it about a thousand years. Since the fall of Rome her name has been perpetuated in an ecclesiasticism which is this day the most influential organization on the globe. The Roman Church is this day the greatest financial, ecclesiastical and influential power in the world. Rome has written her name ineffaceably on the world's escutcheon and it seems destined to descend to the latest posterity. During her palmy days Rome had a population of four millions. She was captured and pillaged by the barbarians in the fourth century. As she was the upholder of civil government in the world, with her fall ancient civilization passed away. A dismal night of barbarism supervened and lasted a thousand years, during which Rome with other cities was [spoliated and desolated. In 1870, when Victor Emmanuel shook the pope from his temporal dominions, Rome had but one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Her present population is four hundred and fifty thousand, with a constant increase. They are building a magnificent monument to the memory of Victor Emmanuel and another to the memory of Garibaldi, who so gallantly defended the city against the French when they came to establish the pope on his temporal throne. Much valuable improvement is going on in Rome. The city is decidedly on an upward trend, having trebled her population in twenty-five years. Terrible are castigations through which she has passed in the sixteen centuries. I rejoice at the coming of a brighter day.

THE PANTHEON.

This beautiful and wonderful building though two thousand years old is in a perfect state of preservation.

Its form is a perfect dome two hundred feet in diameter and two hundred feet high. It is built of marble. There is a circular aperture in the top thirty-two feet in diameter through which light, sunshine and rain descend unobstructed down to the marble floor. Of course it is always dry all around some distance from the walls. The portico is supported by twelve monolith marble columns, six feet in diameter and forty feet long. Pantheon is from *pan*, and *theos*, god. Hence it means a temple in which all of the gods are to be worshiped in harmony with the original purpose. All sorts of religious people still worship in the Pantheon. They were holding worship in it when I entered it. It would be a good place for a Holiness evangelist to preach the gospel. All religions, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Moslem and Pagan, have a perfect right to worship in the Pantheon.

COLISEUM.

This wonderful superstructure is eighteen hundred feet in circumference and one hundred and sixty feet high. It justly bore the world's palm of magnitude till the erection of St. Peter's Church. There is now a controversy between them as to the prize of magnitude. The form of the Coliseum is perfectly elliptical, having two foci, and constituting a whispering gallery. Hence it is a perfect auditorium. It is an amphitheatre with a seating capacity of one hundred thousand. The emperor and the nobility sat in front. Then the patricians. Then the plebeians. Finally the slaves climbed away up one hundred and sixty feet and enjoyed the spectacles. The Emperor Nero took great interest in the show of the Coliseum, in which he often appeared as a gladiator, frequently wantonly slaying his antagonist as he was so much better armed. He had his golden house in which he lived

close to the Coliseum. I saw the old tower on which he sat, played his fiddle and sang the destruction of Troy while Rome burned down. In his reign the fire broke out and burned six days and seven nights, consuming a large portion of the city. Though it was always believed that Nero ordered the conflagration, he charged the Christians with it, beheaded Paul, crucified Peter, burned and destroyed them in every conceivable way and climaxed the wholesale massacre by an imperial edict, requiring all Christians to recant and worship the Roman gods or suffer martyrdom. These pagan persecutions inaugurated by Nero lasted three hundred years, till the conversion of Constantine, and wound up under Diocletian. These persecutions now somewhat superseded the gladiatorial shows in the Coliseum. I saw the subterranean tunnel through which the wild beasts were brought from their cages and turned loose on the martyrs in the arena. O, how cruel must that multitude have been to enjoy the sight of those wild beasts tearing those innocent Christians all to pieces and devouring them. Yet these bloody tragedies moved right on three hundred years.

FORUM.

The old Forum is near the Coliseum. I stood on the rostrum in the tracks of Cicero where he shook the world with his eloquence and won an encomium second only to Demosthenes of Greece. There stood the mighty Cato, the princely statesman, always winding up his masterly orations "Carthage must be destroyed." We should emulate his zeal, closing all our sermons with "Sin must be destroyed." I saw the spot where Cæsar was killed by those he deemed his best friends after he had reached the very summit of despotic power and where Marc

Antony stood when he delivered the famous funeral oration over Cæsar's body, where they cremated the body and afterwards interred it. Along by the Forum is the judgment hall where Paul and Peter stood before Nero and were condemned to death. I saw the Marmartine Prison in which they were incarcerated. I followed Peter to the Campus Martius where he was crucified with his head down and Paul a mile without the city wall where he was beheaded.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

This magnificent superstructure is said to occupy the very spot where the Apostle Paul was beheaded and to contain his tomb on the same spot. The edifice is six hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide. It is all finest marble transported from Africa. The outside is white marble and the inside alabaster, diversified with the most beautiful colors. Internally and conspicuously on the alabaster walls are the gigantic effigies of all the two hundred and eighty-seven Popes in alabaster mosaic. The gigantic statues of Paul, Peter and of all the Apostles stand in conspicuous places throughout the edifice.

Fifty-eight years have been occupied and fifty millions expended for the erection of the church. The edifice is finished, but they told me it would take five years work and five millions of dollars to complete the environments. St. Peter's is the largest, but St. Paul's is the grandest exhibition of the fine arts on the face of the earth. The Roman Catholic Church has become the greatest patron and custodian of the fine arts in the world.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

We now come to the climax of human art. This wonderful edifice is eight hundred and thirty-five feet long,

three hundred and thirty feet wide and four hundred and forty-seven feet high. As a structure it is inferior only to the Egyptian pyramids, which will doubtless bear the palm of magnitude to the end of the world. The church is so large and all built of marble and unventilated except through open doors, that it has become a complete equalizer of temperature in winter and in summer. We entered it at 1 P. M., June 14. The guide had me stay in the portico till we cooled off, lest the cold atmosphere of the church give me a chill. I buttoned up my clothes as if it were winter and found it quite comfortable. They never use fire in it, as it is cool in summer and warm in winter. The exterior is white marble and the interior diversified with alabaster and precious stones of diversified tints and hues. It is a complete compendium of statuary, exhibiting a panoramic history of the church from the Apostolic age. Gigantic statues of apostles, popes, kings and saints everywhere abound. Peter's tomb is there, surrounded by lights perpetually burning. Prominent historic events are exhibited in statuary. I saw in statuary Pope Leo the First going out to Attila, the leader of the Huns, and begging him to spare the city. Of course, wonderful prominence is given to the Apostle Peter throughout the edifice. The guide called my attention to the Door of Universal Absolution, which is only opened once in twenty-five years. It has no apparatus for opening and shutting. At the expiration of twenty-five years, the Pope breaks it open with a silver hammer, comes out through it, stands in front of it, prays for all the world and forgives the sins of the whole world. There have been two hundred and eighty-seven Popes and no one of them has lived so long as twenty-five years, as they are elected

to the Papacy late in life. Therefore, no Pope can enjoy the privilege of opening this door more than once, and many of them live and die with this door closed.

Hard by St. Peter's Church is the Papal Palace, where the Pope with his Cardinals, magnates and their servants live. The number is about two thousand. St. Peter's Church occupied two hundred years in building and cost two hundred million dollars, as it is all marble from foundation to pinnacle. Of course, it will never decay.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES, OBELISKS AND TOWERS.

When a Roman general achieved a great conquest they granted him a triumphal Arch at Rome, the highest honor conferrable. I saw the Arch of Titus, who conquered and destroyed Jerusalem, according to the prophecies of our Savior, Matthew 24, forty years after the crucifixion. Many of these triumphal Arches stand in different parts of the city commemorating the mighty achievements of the Roman conquerors. Fifteen beautiful Egyptian Obelisks stand in different parts of the city. After Pompey the Great conquered Egypt, about two thousand years ago, and it became a Roman province, the Emperors at different times carried away those beautiful and magnificent monuments and set them up in different parts of Rome to adorn the city. Many of them came from Heliopolis and Memphis, and show, by the hieroglyphics on them, that they belong to the prehistoric period. Hence, they must be about four thousand years old. Cleopatra's Needle is the newest of the Egyptian monuments. They are generally granite monoliths. There are many magnificent towers standing in different parts of the city, having been erected by the Romans in honor of their mighty men. Among these that of Trojan is perhaps

the most magnificent. It is ten feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet high, built of nice white marble, superscribed all over with mighty achievements of the hero whose memory it perpetuates. Trajan reigned in the third century when Rome ruled the world. He found the persecution of Christians a matter of state, especially their ejection to the wild beasts in the Coliseum. When Ignatius, the successor of Polycarp, the successor of Apostle John, in the pastorate at Ephesus was brought to Rome and condemned to be cast to the wild beasts. Trajan deeply sympathized with him because he was one hundred and seven years old, and begged him to recant, worship the Roman gods and save his life. The venerable man of God responded to the Emperor Trajan: "You rule the world. I would rather die for Jesus than rule the ends of the earth. I fear not the wild beasts. The angels wait for me." That gorgeous monument has stood fifteen hundred years and perhaps will stand till the resurrection earthquakes. But Ignatius by his martyrdom erected a monument which will stand forever.

AQUEDUCTS AND FOUNTAINS.

The old Romans believed wonderfully in an ample supply of pure water. They had sixteen great aqueducts carrying rivers of water into the city from a distance of fifteen to forty miles. At that time the city had a population of four millions. The present population is four hundred and fifty thousand, and the city has four great aqueducts, carrying in a copious supply of nice pure water. I saw those beautiful fountains, such as we have at Fountain Square, Cincinnati, O., dispersed here and there throughout the whole city, pouring forth their limpid floods, for man and beast. I never before saw a

city so copiously supplied with pure water. It was a delightful sight after sojourning in Cairo, Alexandria, Jerusalem and Athens. As I rolled away from Rome I passed through the vale of Tempe and the Elysian fields of which the poets have said so much.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD WORLD.

June 15, at ten A. M., the band is playing aboard the steamship Ems, when she moves out of the docks in the harbor of Genoa. This is my seventh and final embarkation. I have long sojourned in strange lands with people of strange customs whose language I know not. Aboard the Ems I find a number of American gentlemen and ladies, so it seemed that my country had actually crossed the great Atlantic ocean to meet me. As the band played the music reminded me of the golden harps around the throne of God. My grateful tears copiously flow and my heart leaps for joy. Is it possible in eleven days I am to see my dear native land?

I thought of Christopher Columbus who four hundred and three years ago sailed from this same port, westward bound, on a voyage of discovery. At this time "ne-plus-ultra" was written on the rocks of Gibraltar. Despite the testimony of all his predecessors who had pronounced the Atlantic a shoreless deep, he pushes forward three dreary months, till he finds a new translation for "ne-plus-ultra," i. e., this great new world, then a trackless wilderness inhabited only by wild beasts and savages. But since his heroic pioneering of the ocean two hundred millions of Europeans have found a home in this great new world. O, what a contrast. I am sailing on this grand German Lloyd with thirty-six boilers. He sailed steamless exposed to the caprices of the storm at the mercy of the billows.

THE STORM.

I had made six voyages and encountered no storms. As it is the latter part of June, we all congratulated ourselves on fair weather and prosperous voyage. For three days the sea is calm and we are all delighted with our voyage. Early on Tuesday morning, June 18, the steward enters my bed room and closes the port-hole. I know something is up, immediately dress with difficulty and make for the deck. The floods are all over it and the doors are locked. I watch my opportunity, slip out after a sailor, find a dry spot behind a wall, determined to see the storm. Hoary old Neptune, the venerable storm-king is master of the situation. King Sol halts his fiery steeds on the Tropic of Cancer, pauses to examine his harness and turn their heads around toward the Tropic of Capricorn. Meanwhile Queen Lunare having sojourned a whole month in the land of Aurus, must now halt, examine her toilet, change her apparel and enter the kingdom of Cancer. So both the king of day and the queen of night are incumbered with other duties. (The summer solstice and the new moon came together. The sailors said this was the cause of the storm). Meanwhile Neptune the king of the ocean, deep down in his coral palace, sees the situation, dashes out to the African coast at lightning speed and unlocks Natus, and to the American coast and unlocks Zephyrus, and yokes them to his chariot. O, how ten thousand white-caps float from his hoary locks. Mountains roll over the deck. (I had to retreat). Waves roll above the clouds. Billows climb the skies. Our grand German Lloyd with thirty-six boilers, cuts through the floods as if shot out of a cannon. She imbibes the fury of the storm, madly leaps from billow to billow, while mountains roll over. Now she plunges into a profound

abyss and cracks like claps of thunder as if she were breaking all to pieces. Still she speeds on like a thing of life, making schedule time. In a moment the old storm-king boards the ship, takes possession of all the passengers and requires us to pay tribute to his royal majesty, not the contents of our pockets, but our stomachs and immediately it seems as if my very intestines would come out of my mouth. Unutterable horror! Were you ever sea-sick? Then you must excuse me for I cannot describe it. O, I felt that I would give the world for a calm sea, as we were three thousand miles from New York when the storm struck us. But the storm lasted five days and nights. Meanwhile the sailors seemed to tantalize us by ringing bells for us to eat five times a day, when we were so sick we could not eat once. I was on the ocean thirty-eight days but oh, those memorable five while the storm-king held us by the throat, I never can forget. Sunday morning June 23, I arose and hastened to the deck. Behold Neptune has retreated from the field and Sol in his summer-day glory has command of the ocean. The deep cerulean billows are smooth as glass without a ripple to mar their beauty. We all congratulate each other and thank God that we are alive.

NIAGARA FALLS.

I visited Europe, Africa and Asia sight-seeing, and came back home to see in Niagara Falls the greatest natural curiosity of my life. The falls are visible from a number of situations, each having its peculiar local interest. But when you visit them be sure you cross over into Canada, as the Horseshoe Falls which is by far the larger and more interesting is visible from the Canadian

side. This great Niagara river, assuming a circular form like a horseshoe, suddenly leaps down a hundred and sixty feet into the unfathomable abyss, excavated by the gyratory waters beneath. The rainbow is always there when the sun shines. This great natural curiosity is replete with instructive symbolism. The awful impetuosity of the current and the terrific thunder which has been roaring there every minute from creation's early morn, vividly emblemize the Omnipotence of the Creator. As the waters leap, they exhibit every conceivable tint and hue from the deep indigo of the ocean through the rainbow transitions of red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, thus exhibiting in the grandest symbolisms the beauty of the Creator, while the fast rolling billows white as snow symbolize the purity of the Creator. As they come down from the hand of the Creator they gloriously emblamitize His attributes. After the waters have descended, they exhibit quite another line of symbolism. The terrible impetuosity of that mighty stream pouring down its gyratory floods develops an awful whirlpool. As it has been pouring since creation's morn without stopping a single moment, no one can fathom the depth of the whirlpool. So there is quite a contrast in symbolism. God's mercies when slighted all turn to wrath. This awful whirlpool with its ceaseless and vast clouds of vapor rising like smoke forever and ever, forcibly emblemizes the torments of the lost souls in the bottomless pit. That awful abyss with thunder, tempest and smoke rising up is the most weird emblem of hell I ever saw.

Now reader, in this book you are permitted to travel with me fifteen thousand miles. I turn the book over to the Lord, praying Him in condescending mercy to make it a blessing, and through your instrumentality bring

glory to Himself out of my tour, which certainly I took for Him alone. So if you never visit the Holy Land beyond the seas, God in mercy grant that you and I may meet in the Holy Land beyond the stars. Amen.

Dictated to my daughter, Miss Effie O. Godbey.

THE END.

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